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DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE & SOCIAL PROGRESS.

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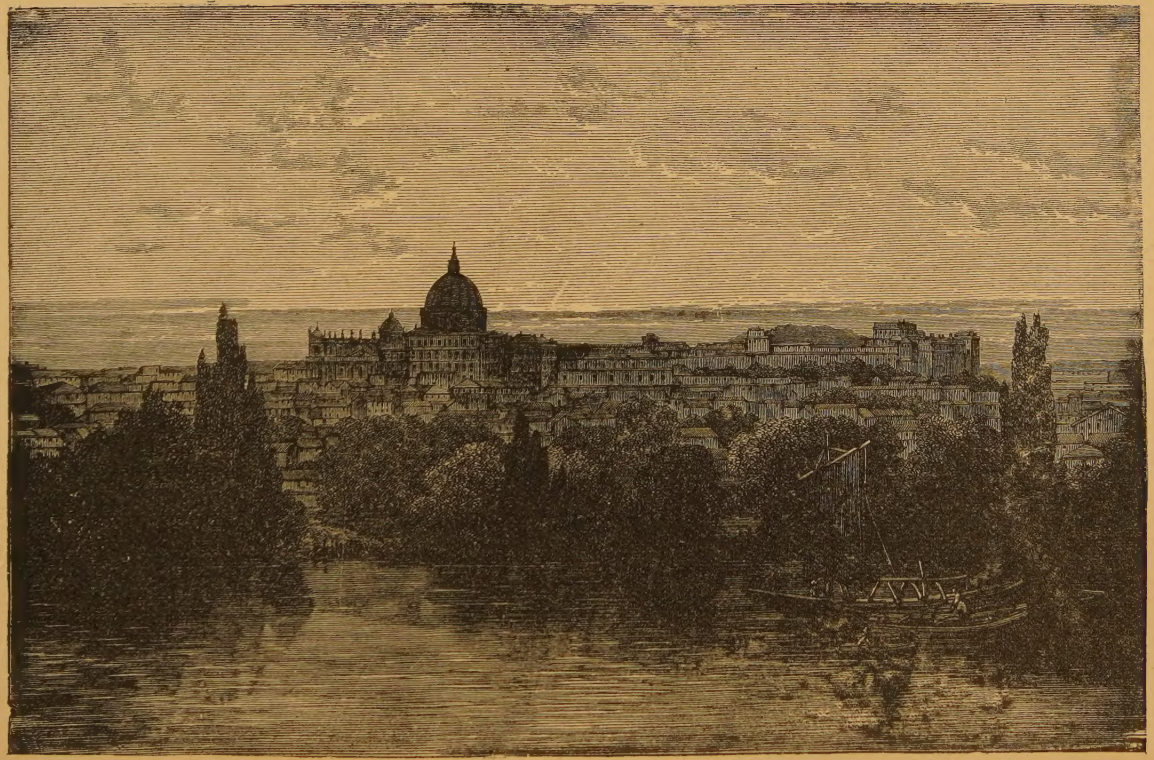

St. Peter's and the Vatican, from the Falls of the Tiber.

THE CANADIAN
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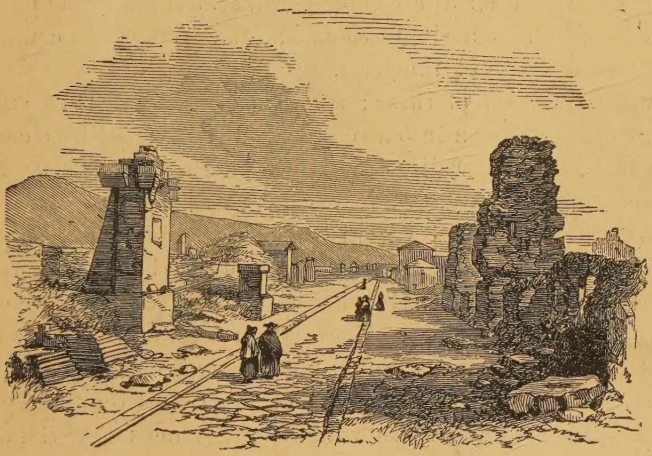
AUGUST, 1885.

WALKS ABOUT ROME.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.



TOMBS ON THE APPIAN WAY.

GREAT was the contrast between the cold, damp crypts of the Catacombs and the hot glare of the Italian sunshine as with my companion in travel I emerged from their gloomy depths and rode along the Appian Way. But greater still was the contrast between the lowly tombs of the early Christians and the massy monuments of pagan pride that lined that street of tombs, now mere crumbling mounds of ruins, majestic even in decay. Most striking of all is the stately mausoleum of Cæcilia Metella, wife of the triumvir Crassus.

There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress with its fence of stone,

Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown :
What was this tower of strength ? within its cave
What treasure lay so locked, so hid ?—A woman's grave.

I entered and explored several of these proud patrician tombs, but found naught but crumbling arch and column and shattered marble effigies of their former tenants.

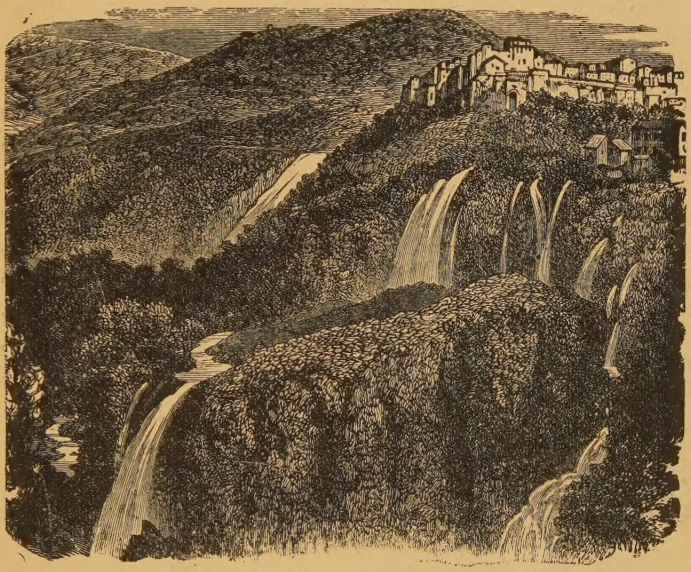
But only the wealthy could be entombed in those stately *mausolea*, or be wrapped in those "marble cerements." For the mass of the population *columbaria* were provided, in whose narnow niches, like compartments of a dove-cot, the *terra-cotta* urns containing their ashes were placed, sometimes to the number of six thousand in a single *columbarium*. They also contained sometimes the urns of the great.

I visited several of these; a description of one will suffice. Steep steps lead down into a square vault, supported by a central pier which, like the walls, contains a number of niches. Each niche contains two or more cinerary urns, with covers. Removing several of these I found within the ashes and charred bones of the dependants of great Roman houses, whose bodies had undergone cremation. The brief epitaphs of the deceased were often inscribed above the niche. These structures take their names from their resemblance to a dove-cot—*columbarium*.

A striking contrast to the pomp of the tombs on the Appian Way are these *columbaria* in which for the most part the ashes of the slaves are deposited.

Over the lava pavement of this Queen of Roads, as the Romans proudly called it, along which I drove for miles, once thundered the legions that conquered the world; and by this very way St. Paul and his companions entered the great Imperial City. Now, the gardens and villas which studded the Campagna are a desolation, and only ruins rise, like stranded wrecks, above the tomb-abounding plain. The most conspicuous and beneficent monuments of the power of ancient Rome are the vast aqueducts which bestride, with their long series of arches the undulating Campagna. Most of these are now broken and crumbling ruins, but some of them, restored in modern times, still supply the city with streams of the cool and limpid water from the far-off Alban

hills. Here I may remark that no city I have seen has such an abundant supply of pure water as Rome. It leaps and flashes in the great fountains of the public squares, and ripples and gurgles in its mossy channels in almost every court-yard and quadrangle. In several of these I observed ancient sarcophagi, which once perhaps held the body of a prince, converted into a horse-trough.



FALLS OF TIVOLI.

One of the most ancient structures of Rome is the Mammertine Prison. It consists of two chambers, one below the other. The lower was accessible only through a hole in the ceiling. In this dismal dungeon Jugurtha, the British king Vercingetorix, and other conquered enemies of Rome perished. Here also tradition affirms St. Peter was imprisoned, in confirmation whereof is shown the deep depression in the solid stone said to have been made by the head of the Apostle when his jailer knocked it against the wall, and the fountain averred to have sprung up miraculously that he might baptize the remorseful man. If you doubt the fact, the *custode* points in triumph to these occular evidences still extant. It being the anniversary of the Saint on which I visited this ancient prison, a constant stream of devotees passed through, to whom a priest in much-soiled vestments was giving drafts of water from the sacred fountain.

Of still greater sanctity are the so-called *Scala Sancta* or Holy Stairs. These consist of twenty-eight marble steps, said to have been those of Pilate's house, which were ascended by our Lord. They were brought from Jerusalem, so runs the legend, by the Empress Helena, A.D. 326. No one may ascend them except on his knees. It was while Luther was painfully toiling up their long incline, just like a barefooted monk whom I saw repeating, with many prayers, the same act, devoutly kissing each step, that there flashed through his mind the emancipating message, "The just shall live by faith." "*Non est in toto sanctior orbe locus*," says a marble legend,—"There is on earth no holier spot than this." I came upon another relic of Luther in the Augustinian monastery in which he resided during his sojourn in Rome. Here I witnessed a Roman funeral, rendered as ghastly as possible by the sable velvet pall embroidered with skulls and cross-bones and skeletons. A procession of barefooted friars bore the body on a bier to the church, where, surrounded by burning tapers, it kept its solemn state while darkness filled the shadowy vault.

FALLS OF TERNI.

One of the most impressive churches of Rome is that still best known by its pagan name of "The Pantheon." It is the only building of ancient Rome which still retains its roof and walls intact. It is almost as perfect to-day as when it was erected

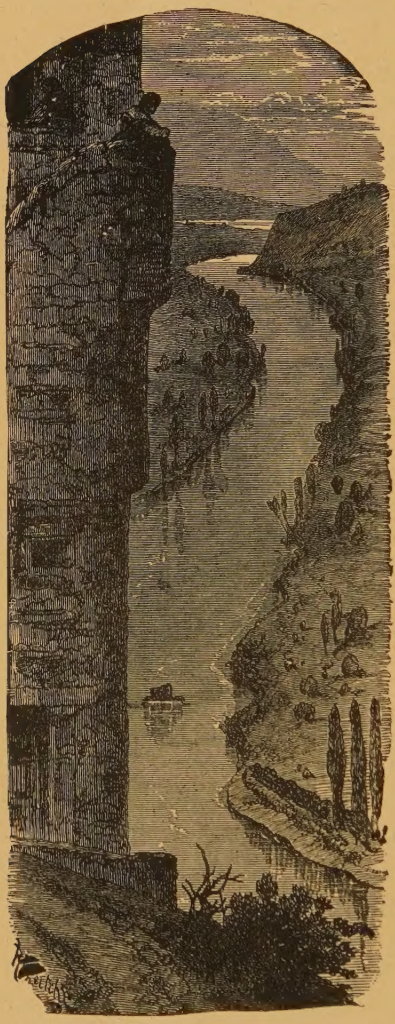
over nineteen hundred years ago. The little campaniles which destroy the majestic effect of the façade are the addition of Bernini, 1640, after whom they are named "ass's ears." As one enters the door, and the great dome—the largest in the world—spreads its vault above his head, he feels the sublimity of the grand old pile. The effect is still further enhanced by the broad opening, twenty-eight feet across, in the centre of the vault, through which pours down a flood of bright Italian sunlight on the shrines and altars and worshippers beneath. Here where the incense arose of old at the altars of the pagan gods it still ascends at the shrines of the papal saints, amid surroundings of gorgeous pageantry surpassing even that of the priests and augurs of ancient Rome. A small plain slab in the wall marks the tomb of Raphäel, and a more sumptuous monument that of King Victor Emanuel.

> Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
> Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
> From Jove to Jesus—spared and blessed by time,
> Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
> Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
> His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome!
> Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrant's rods
> Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
> Of art and piety—Pantheon!—pride of Rome.

One other church in Rome I must mention on account of the unique and extraordinary character of its burial crypts. This is the Church of the Capuchins. Its vaults are filled with sacred soil, from Jerusalem, in which the monks were buried. After several years' interment the skeletons were exhumed and arranged in architectural devices—columns, niches, and arches—a figure of Justice with her scales, a clock-face, and the like, all in human bones. In several of the niches stood the unfleshed skeletons, wearing the coarse serge gown and hood the living monk had worn, with his name, Brother Bartholomeo, or Brother Jiacomo, written on his skull—a ghastly mockery of life. In all, the remains of 6,000 monks are contained in these vaults. The Government has forbidden the continuance of this revolting custom.

At the Church of St. Clement—the oldest in Rome—I met with the only instance I encountered in Italy of discourtesy from

an ecclesiastic; they are, generally, exceedingly polite. The monk in charge, I am sorry to say, was so much under the influence of wine that he was quite incapable of carrying the taper and exhibiting the relics—a task which he had to delegate to a boy. Beneath the upper church have recently been discovered, and in part excavated, two earlier churches—one reaching back to the third century. The frescoes and mosaics on the walls are many of them quite like those of the Catacombs, a proof of their early date. The various collections of sarcophagi, inscriptions, lamps, vases, and other objects from those repositories of the early Christian dead in the various museums were studied with profound interest. I was fortunate in obtaining a few specimens of these antiquities, both Christian and pagan, as *souvenirs* of ancient Rome.



THE TIBER FROM ORTE.

I went one afternoon with a friend to see the Mausoleum of Augustus, where the great Emperor with many of his successors were buried. We found a huge circular building open to the sky, in whose substructions the tombs of the ancient lords of the world may still be seen; and here in later days the body of Rienzi, "the last of the Tribunes" was buried. But—what a sarcastic comment on human greatness!—we found the vast arena used as an open air summer theatre, and a mock emperor, with snowy toga and gilded wreath was enacting

some story of the heroic days of Rome. Sometimes, I was informed, the ancient mausoleum is used as a circus, and harlequin plays his pranks upon an emperor's tomb.

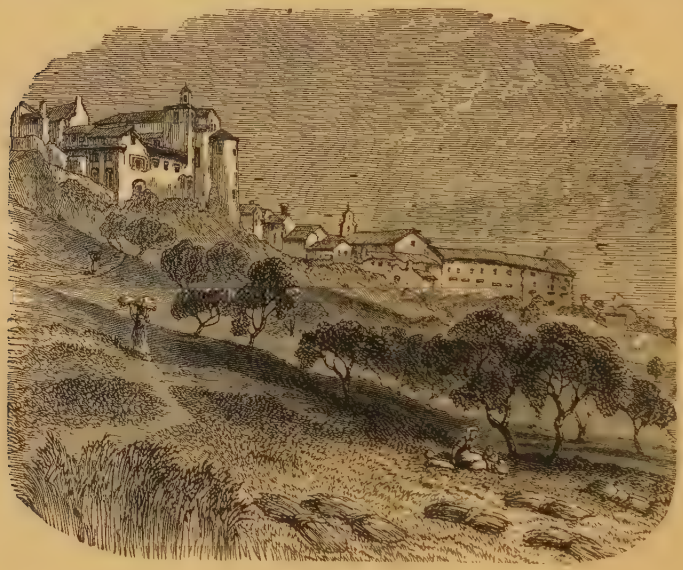
Few things in Rome bring up more vividly the recollections of the storied past than the walk along the banks of the Tiber, the *Flavus Tiberis* of our school-boy days. Through the city it steals its way between lordly palaces or beneath the crowded and towering piles of Trastivere and the Ghetto—its tawny current turbid with the sand of the Campagna which it sweeps down to the sea.

Orvieto.

Of the many bridges by which it is bestridden, the most interesting is that of St. Angelo, the Ælian Bridge of ancient Rome. On either side are majestic figures of angels, so that, as Clement IX. expressed it, "an avenue of the heavenly host should welcome the pilgrim to the shrine of the great Apostle." Here as St. Gregory, during a fatal pestilence, passed over at the head of a penitential procession, chanting solemn litanies, he saw, or feigned that he saw, the avenging angel alight on the mausoleum of Hadrian and sheath his sword in token that the plague was stayed. And there the majestic figure of St. Michael stands in bronze to-day, as if the tutelary guardian of Rome. On this very bridge, too, took place the fierce hand-to-hand conflict during the

sack of Rome by the ferocious mercenaries of the Constable of Bourbon, while the Tiber beneath ran red with blood.

The island of the Tiber with its picturesque twin bridges is rich in ancient memories. But of special interest to me was the site of the Milvian Bridge, where in his conflict with Maxentius for the empire of the world, Constantine saw, or thought he saw, the sign of the cross in the midday heavens, and adopted the sign of salvation as his standard of battle. Of this scene there is a striking picture in the Vatican. Here, too, the seven-branched



TODI.

candlestick from the temple of Jerusalem was thrown into the Tiber, where it probably still remains, and may yet be recovered. Although admonished that I should remain indoors in the evening on account of the malaria, I could not resist the temptation to visit this memory-haunted spot, and the famed Pincian Hill and Villa Borghese at "twilight's enchanted hour."

No public resorts furnish so good an opportunity for the study of Roman life and character as the gardens of the Pincian Hill and those of the Villa Borghese. The former is on the site of the famous gardens of Lucullus, where the Empress Messalina afterwards celebrated her orgies. It is now the fashionable evening drive of Rome, where the gay and pleasure-loving aris-

Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo.—St. Peter's in the Background.

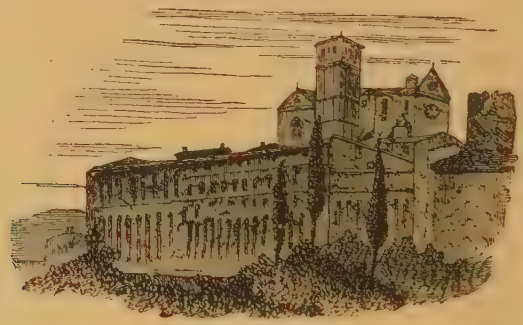
tocracy pay and receive visits in their open carriages. The long arcades are adorned with busts and statues; a curious clypsydra or water-clock marks the hours, and a moving multitude of promenaders give life and variety to the scene. The sunset view from the terrace is magnificent—St. Peter's dome, the round castle of St. Angelo, and many a stately campanile are defined like a silhouette against the glowing western sky. A long range of the engirdling wall of the city, rising in places sixty or seventy feet, is also brought into view.

The gardens of the Villa Borghese are without the walls. They have a strangely antique appearance. In the grounds is a ruined temple, its pillared portico half broken down and the statue of an unworshipped goddess standing on her deserted shrine. Marble seats, fountains, and statues—chipped, moss-grown, and time-stained—are seen beneath the vistas of venerable trees. The stately villa itself, the property of one of the noblest families of Rome, contains a superb art gallery and museum. I saw several times the King and Queen of Italy driving through the gardens and streets without escort, and graciously returning the loyal greetings that they received from all ranks of the people.

I was somewhat surprised at the absence of the picturesque national costume. I saw, however, some very good examples in a family of artists' models, who took the evening air at an antique fountain near my hotel. The family consisted of a venerable-looking old peasant woman, her son and two daughters. I found the young man, who spoke French very well, quite intelligent and communicative. They came, he said, from Tivoli, and made their living by sitting for their portraits in the picturesque costume of the country. The daughters had an air of modest refinement one would hardly expect in the peasant class. Their portraits would make admirable Madonnas of the type which so abounds in Italian religious art.

The subject of fine art in Rome is too large to treat, however cursorily, in these brief notes. As I lingered for hours in the corridors of the Vatican and Museum of the Capitol, entranced with the treasures rescued from the *débris* of the Old Roman World, and wondered, in mute amazement, how great was the glory of its mighty prime, I felt that ancient sculpture had never been equalled by the work of the modern chisel. The achieve-

ments of Canova, Thorwaldsen, Gibson, and other masters, however, almost rival in my humble judgment the finest works of antiquity. With painting it is otherwise. I cannot feel the enthusiasm that many express concerning the great Italian masters. Even the celebrated "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, failed to impress me as other than a grand *tour de force*, whose chief object seemed to be the display of the master's skill in the foreshortened representation of the human figure in every possible attitude of contortion. These dimly-lighted pictures, blackened with the smoke of centuries are, however, an unfavourable exhibition of his power. I liked much better the works of Raphäel in the Stanze and Loggie, which bear his name; although my untutored taste cannot subscribe to the dictum which pronounces them "unquestionably the noblest works of modern art in existence." I have seen many pictures that impressed me more.

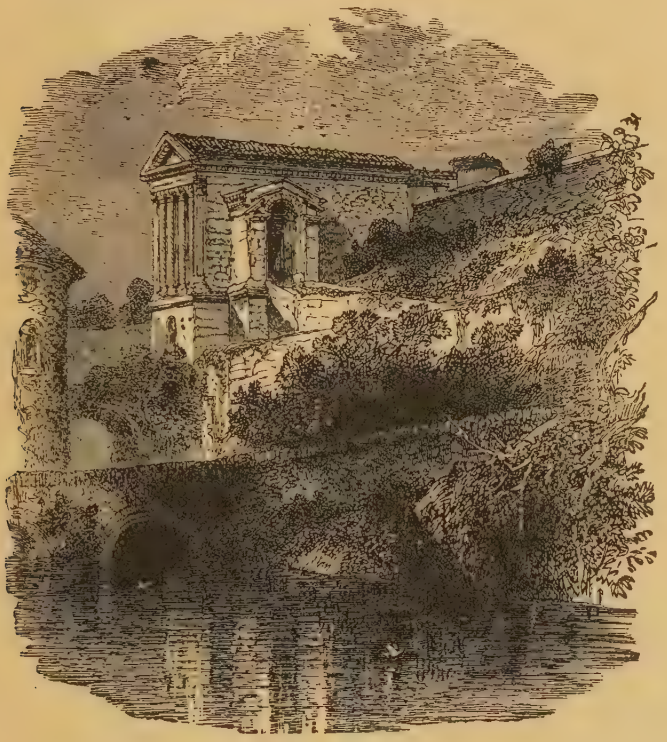


Convent and Church of St. Francis, Assisi.

The Vatican itself, in which these much-prized art treasures are housed, in the most extensive and magnificent palace in the world. It is said to contain eleven thousand halls, chapels, saloons, and private apartments, besides extensive courts and gardens. Here the papal power is supreme. The successor of the humble fisherman of Galilee is attended by a guard of armed soldiers, accoutred in a singularly bizarre-looking uniform of yellow and red, like one of earth's proudest monarchs. Yet we read of "the prisoner of the Vatican," and Peter's pence are collected from the poor throughout Catholic Christendom for the maintenance of this unapostolic state.

Conditions of time and space forbid further account of the

innumerable objects of antiquarian interest in the City of the Seven Hills, "that was eternal named." New Rome, under the vigorous administration of its constitutional government, is fast asserting its place and influence as the political centre of United Italy. But its chief and imperishable interest to the pilgrims from many lands who visit its storied scenes, consists of the memories of its mighty past, and while time endures these memories shall never lose their power.



TEMPLE OF THE CLITUMNUS.

One of the most charming excursions from Rome is that to the ancient town of Tivoli, with its furze-clad slopes, its sparkling waterfalls and its vast Villa of Hadrian, where the lord of the world revelled in a pleasure-place which, with its gardens, grounds, temples, theatres and baths filled a circuit of ten miles.

More lovely than even the falls of Tivoli are those of Terni, shown in our engraving. The impetuous Velius hurls its water in three successive leaps down a rugged ravine, clad with richest

verdure. The contrast between the snowy foam and the vivid foliage ever glistening in the spray is intense, and poets' song and painters' skill alike fail to give an adequate conception of this most beautiful of Italian waterfalls.

Following up the banks of the Tiber, we reach the ancient town of Orte, commanding from its castle height a magnificent view of the far-winding stream. A peculiarity of this region is the number of small, thick-walled fortress towns, each perched upon the summit of an island of tufa rising above the sea of verdure of the surrounding country. Along the steep road leading to these eagle-like eyries toil beneath the burning sun the peasant men and women and their patient donkeys, looking exceedingly picturesque and uncomfortable. A good example of these relics of the old feudal times is Orvieto, a stronghold of the Guelphs, and graced with a cathedral of peculiar sumptuousness and splendour.

On the steeply sloping banks of the Tiber is Todi, so steep that through many of its streets carriages may not pass. Here was born the author of the immortal hymn *Stabat Mater Doloroso,* wedded to immortal music by the genius of Rossini.

Not far from Todi is the little town of Assisi, with the famous convent and church of St. Francis. The story of the life and labours of the "Seraphic Doctor" who is reported to have enjoyed in life the beatific vision of the Lord he served with such entire devotion, and to have retained in his body the marks of His passion, lend an intenser interest to the stately architecture and sumptuous adorning of the church and convent erected over his bones.

Near Assisi on the banks of the crystal Clitumnus is the beautiful temple of the deity of the stream, so sweetly besung by Byron's classic muse, the picturesque surroundings and historic associations of which make it a favourite subject for the study of both artist and scholar.

Following still further the course of the storied Tiber, the traveller reaches its birthplace among the rugged Appenines. Beneath the shadow of a vast beech forest, the crystal stream, so often dyed with blood of contending races, gambols on its way through a daisy-dappled sod of richest green, laughing and leaping from ledge to ledge like an innocent child at play.

CRUISE OF H.M.S. "CHALLENGER."

BY W. J. J. SPRY, R.N.

VIII.

NATIVES OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

ON the morning of the 17th October we left Ternate, greatly to the regret of our hospitable friends. Steaming on with fine weather across the Molucca passage into the Celebes Sea, the scenery in every direction was very lovely, the lofty, high volcanic land affording more than ordinary interest as we occasionally stopped off the steep shores for trawling.

On the 4th November we sighted the lighthouse at the entrance of the magnificent harbour of Manilla, and some hours' steaming brought us to the anchorage, at about a couple of miles from the shore.

Soon after we were visited by the various officials, and opportunities were given for landing. The business portion of the city is prettily laid out with numbers of long and handsome streets, extensive stores and warehouses, affording employment

to hundreds of coolies and others, who are seen rushing about with bales and packages, loading or unloading vessels in the river. Among the interesting sights of Manilla are the cigar factories. We were informed that in the one visited four thousand women and half that number of men were employed, while in the neighbourhood as many as nine thousand women and seven thousand men find employment in producing cigars. As we entered the building, our ears were almost deafened by the chattering produced and noise made by some hundreds of women seated on the floors, each provided with a small wood mallet, with which she hammered the tobacco leaves on blocks to polish them for the outside of the cigars. In other rooms they were employed in rolling them up into their proper shape, finishing off, and otherwise preparing them for the market.

The city is situated in a rich and fertile district, in the midst of magnificent scenery, splendid alike in form and colour, but, like every town on these islands, has one great enemy to dread—earthquake, which has from time to time made frightful ravages in this city, evidences of which are seen at the present time in the ruin of churches, cathedrals and public buildings.

On the 11th November our visit came to an end. On the 16th, Victoria Peak (Hong Kong) was seen, and a few hours later we were threading our way through a very maze of boats and shipping until reaching the anchorage off the Naval Yard. Few places are more interesting to the traveller from Europe than this city, furnishing as it does such a change of scenery, manners, and customs, so widely different from anything he has probably seen before.

The harbour is crowded with men-of-war and trading vessels of many nations, while hundreds of junks, sampans, and fishing-boats, full of life and movement, contribute in making the scene one of great attraction. Not more than half a century has elapsed since England took possession of this island, at which time it was little less than a bare uninviting rock, affording a haunt and home for pirates and desperadoes, who were the terrors of these seas. What a change has been brought about in this brief period! Now it is a great centre of trade and commerce, and vessels come from Bombay, Calcutta, and Singapore, laden with the choicest products from these lands for transhipment to England, America, or our colonial possessions, receiving in return tribute from those distant countries, in exchange for teas, silk, opium, etc. It is

already one of the most flourishing of our colonies in the East, and destined to still further extension. By submarine telegraph, it is in instant communication with every place of importance.

Victoria, the chief town, is situated along the northern shore of the island, with its magnificent harbour stretching out in front, and backed up with mountainous land, culminating in Peak Victoria, 1,200 feet above the level of the sea, and stretching along the length and breadth of the city, shutting out the invigorating breeze for half the year, and causing it to be one of the most unhealthy of our colonial possessions. It is laid out with fine streets, and its hillside is crowded with villa residences of the

The French Consulate, Canton.

wealthy traders and merchants, which thus exemplify the energy and industry of the Anglo-Saxon race. What other race would think of placing house and home in such a locality?

On reaching the shore, a walk through the Chinese quarter is most interesting. Look where we will, there are evidences of the untiring industry and enterprise of these sons of Shem. Up every alley, and in every street, we see crowds of little yellow faces, and stumble against the brokers or merchants hurrying on to their business, clad in the universal blue jean jumper and trousers, cotton socks, and shoes of worked silk, with thick wood soles; the shaven face and pigtail so typifying the class that to note a difference between Sun Shing or Wang Heng is sometimes most embarrassing. The dress of the women differs but little

from that of the men. Their cheeks are tinted bright pink, and with their neat little feet, and clean and loose clothing, they make a very pretty picture. When once the business of the day has begun, the din and traffic are enormous; for crowds of men, of all creeds and colours, Jew, Pagan, and Christian, Buddhist and Parsee, Chinese, Japanese, and European, fill the streets, while gangs of coolies chant to keep step, as they press on beneath their heavy burdens.

The Chinese never depart in the least from their national dress, which is, indeed, impossible to improve on for a tropical climate, whether as regards comfort or appearance. The loosely hanging trousers and neat white half-shirt, half-jacket are exactly what a dress should be in these latitudes.

Continuing the walk along the Queen's Road, hundreds of small shops are passed where are seen the most marvellous and miscellaneous collection of "curios" possible. Farther on are to be seen carpenters busy at packing-cases, cabinet-makers hammering away at camphor-wood chests, brass-workers clattering away making bowls or gongs; while at every step are met sellers of water, vegetables, fish, soup, fruit, etc., with as many cries, and just as unintelligible, as those of London. Others carry a portable cooking apparatus on a pole, balanced by a table at the other end, and serve up a meal of shell-fish, rice, and vegetables for a few cash; while coolies, boatmen, and others, waiting to be hired, are everywhere to be met with.

Here are dentists, letter-writers, fortune-tellers, and hawkers of odds and ends, in all directions; while the barbers have plenty to do shaving heads and cleaning ears; water-carriers, bearers of sedan-chairs, coming and going in all directions, dressed in their peculiar national costume, with their long tails either wound about their heads or trailing down behind.

All Chinamen can read, write, and cipher with facility. It is a curious sight to see book-keepers in the stores tallying up their accounts on a machine like a gridiron, with buttons strung on its bars, the different rows representing units, tens, hundreds, and thousands. With all the shopkeepers the value of the slightest article purchased is calculated in this way in dollars and cents with great rapidity.

The theatres, or (as they English it) the sing-song houses, are amongst their principal amusements, and exhibit the peculiar peculiar traits and character of these strange people. Pitched

in the highest falsetto tone, the voice of the singer flies from note to note in the most singular manner, producing a very unearthly noise. The musicians are on the same stage with the actors, with gongs, horns, and cymbals. They blow and beat, and beat and blow, varying the monotony of the sound by frequent and successive crashes.

Continuing on through long lengths of streets, we pass corn and rice mills, dye-houses, blacksmiths, carpenters, umbrella and lantern makers, bootmakers, tailors, and barbers, shops with gaudy swinging sign-boards—the several characters noting the

A Burden-bearer.

name and style of the firm. Jostling on amongst this busy scene, we hear the constant "Ah ho!" of the palankeen-bearer, causing us fresh confusion at every step. At length we turn down a small side street, where are gambling-houses, money-changers, Joss temples, samshu and sing-song houses, from which are heard the screaming of song and twanging of the stringed lute.

We enter a temple, whose outside is adorned with gilding and lacquer and quaint designs of birds, animals, and unreal monsters. We see the figure of Joss placed on high, with ornaments of peacocks' feathers, whilst long streamers of coloured ribbon, pictures, and flowers, presents of tea, oil, or opium, lighted tapers in coloured wax, joss sticks burning slowly, and sending their perfume around, heaps of joss paper smouldering in trays, bamboo boxes, with bundles of small sticks, on the end of which are inscribed certain cabalistic characters, surround the figure.

Buddhist temples literally swarm over China. The officiating priests are consequently very numerous. The gods they worship are the three precious Buddhas—the past, present, and future. These images are usually of gilded wood, represented half naked, with woolly hair, in a sitting position: one holding the mundane egg in its lap, one adorned with the sacred thread, and one engaged with its finger upraised, as though instructing mankind. A high table for candles and incense stands before these images, while near at hand are the great bell and drum which are sounded to arouse the attention of the god when any important persons arrive.

Chinese Sampan.

These people have no Sabbaths, nor periodical seasons of rest; the only cessation from their daily toil is the Feast of the New Year, when they generally have a week's holiday.

The morning of January 6th all was ready, and after receiving a great number of visitors, all bidding us good-bye and a pleasant cruise, at noon a move was made from the anchorage, the bands in the various vessels playing the farewell tunes, for there were a goodly number in port of English, French, Russian, Austrian, and Prussian nationalities.

The passage from Hong Kong to Manilla was, as is usual at this time of the year, a most disagreeable one. The city of Manilla (proper) is surrounded by ramparts, and has running

through it a broad river, navigable for ten miles, up which we went in the steam-pinnace. We found the bulk of the business people full of life and activity, the cigar factories of themselves giving employment to thousands of men, women, and girls—the scenery from either bank of the river particularly fine.

We left Manilla on the 14th January and passed down San Bernadino Straits, with land fully in sight on both sides. Early on the 18th we were close under the east coast of the island of Zebu, the finest of the Philippines, and we steamed along the coast all the forenoon. In the afternoon we anchored off the town of Zebu, an active business place, with a population of

Indian Village on the banks of the River Pasig, Manilla.

about 35,000. There are a few roomy and handsome houses, but for the most part it consists of a lot of tumble-down shanties and rickety old buildings, with a great show of poverty and but little riches. The chief articles of trade are Manilla hemp and sugar. The great difficulty at this place is the scarcity of labour. The natives will not work. The banana, the cocoa-nut, and the bamboo supply them with all they require of food and shelter; and the additional luxury of a little rice, and dried fish to flavour it, is purchased at the price of half a day's labour in the week. The Spaniards allow the wild Malay tribes to be governed by their own rajahs, very little is done towards civilizing them, or opening up their resources.

IN THE LENA DELTA.*

BY THE REV. S. P. ROSE.

It seems certain that the reading world has not yet tired of books of travel, and few books of travel are so eagerly read as those which, like the one before us, record the adventures of the brave and heroic men who have risked their lives upon the Arctic seas.

The utility of voyages to the North Pole finds an eloquent defender in Mr. Philips. "*Cui bono?* asks the utilitarian. There are numerous and well-known advantages that would result from the success of such a venture. Aside from the many useful facts that would be established concerning the laws of storms and wind-waves, the flattening of the earth at the pole would be measured, and geographical science be plainly benefited. Additional information, too, would be gained in astronomy, meteorology, ocean physics, and natural history, a more thorough knowledge of which would certainly add directly or indirectly to the comfort and safety of mankind."

Books like the present serve a good purpose. Apart from the information received and entertainment afforded through their perusal, no one can thoughtfully reflect upon the self-sacrifice and patient courage of men like DeLong, and Greely, and Melville, without obtaining larger and better views of the nobility of some members of our race. At least Satan's sneer, "All that a man hath will he give for his life," is disproved in the light of such records as Melville's.

The story of the ill-fated *Jeannette* Expedition is a familiar one. On the 8th of July, 1879, "the sun shining clear and strong on the beautiful bay," under circumstances most auspicious, the noble vessel and her gallant crew sailed from San Francisco. The voyage was intended to be experimental, the object of the

* *In the Lena Delta:* A Narrative of the Search for Lieut.-Commander DeLong and his Companions, followed by an account of the Greely Relief Expedition and a Proposed Method of Reaching the North Pole. By GEORGE W. MELVILLE, Chief Engineer, U.S.N. Edited by Melville Philips. With Maps and Illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. $2.50, 8vo, pp. 497.

Expedition being to "reach the North Pole by following up the *Kuro-Shiwo*"—the Black Current of Japan, which "runs around the Japanese Islands, threads its way among the Kurile Islands, passes eastward to Kamschatka, and thence northward to Behring Strait, where it separates into two branches."

THE SEPARATION OF THE BOATS IN THE GALE.

In about three months after sailing the dangers and difficulties of the Expedition began. I avail myself of the Editor's kind permission to reproduce here the vivid account which he has given elsewhere of the story of the wreck of the *Jeannette*.

"In January the ship sprang a leak, and all hands were kept busy at the pumps to keep the water down, and for eighteen months the pumps never

ceased working. At last, however, the fight could be kept up no longer. On June the 13th, the *Jeannette* sank, and the crew were left encamped upon the ice, with no other hope of return than that which their three boats afforded.

"Thus left almost destitute, Commander DeLong had no other course opened to him than to retreat. And what a gallant movement that was! The three boats were two cutters, and a whale-boat. The first, commanded by DeLong, carried fourteen persons; the second, under Lieut. Chipp, carried eight persons, and the whale-boat, eleven persons, under command of Engineer Melville. But though they had the boats the gallant party could not launch them. They were in the midst of a sea, indeed, but it was a sea of solid ice, and for weeks the boats did not touch water, except for a short ferriage here and there where a break in the ice left a narrow strip of open sea. The boats were placed upon rudely built sleds, and for fifty-three weary days the resolute men dragged them over the ice. Some days they would make a mile, on others scarcely more than half that distance.

"Nor were these the only hardships the retreating band had to encounter. The cold was intense. Short rations and their fearful labour had reduced the strength of the men, so that one quarter of the whole party had to be carried helpless on sleds, while almost all were suffering, either from frost-bite, or from the effects of the ice upon their eyes.

"At last the retreating company reached comparatively open water. The boats were launched, and the party set sail for what they hoped would be a milder climate and a more hospitable shore.

"For a few days all went fairly well, but during a gale that arose in the night the boats became separated, and in the morning the company on board the whale-boat scanned the dreary waters in vain for the sails of the boats manned by the crews of Commander DeLong, and Lieut. Chipp. Engineer Melville's boat touched land on the delta of the Lena—a river which, flowing northward through Siberia, discharges itself into the Arctic seas. Here the boat's crew met with hospitable treatment by the natives of those bleak and barren shores, and were all saved."

Saved himself, it became Engineer Melville's task—a task lovingly and loyally prosecuted—to search for DeLong and Chipp. It is hard to conceive of a more thrilling story than the narrative of this search as given in the volume now under review. It was not until Melville and his brave men, after severe effort and exciting adventure, had reached comparative safety, that the fate of DeLong and Chipp was even approximately ascertained. At the village of Belun, in Siberia, Mr. Melville met Nindemann and Noros, men who had remained with DeLong until separation was inevitable. The meeting was painful.

"They told me," writes Melville, "of their great and many sufferings; how they had eaten their dogs and managed to crawl along a few yards at

a time ; how Ericksen had died and been buried in the river ; and how DeLong, seeing that his party could not struggle on in a body, had selected the best two men for travel, Nindemann and Iversen, but as Iversen had complained the day before of frost-bitten feet, Noros was detailed instead.

1. "Jeanette" Men Exercising. 2. In the Crow's-Nest. 3. The "Jeanette" Crushed. 4. A Hunting Party in Luck.

Nindemann was instructed to journey forward as rapidly as possible, keeping to the west bank of the river, but if he found succour of any kind, to return to the party, who meanwhile would follow in his footsteps. He left them camped on the bank of a small river running north-west from one of the main branches, and followed the west bank to a great bay, when, true to his instructions, he continued around it to the westward, and thence in an

easterly direction to the river proper, where it opens out from between the mountains into the wide bay which finally brought DeLong and his party to a standstill."

Proceeding on the clue thus afforded, Chief Engineer Melville began his first search for DeLong. He cherished slight hopes of finding him alive, but determined to push on his investigations until the worst should be known. Months of heroic, and sometimes almost solitary, search followed. The difficulties encountered were appalling. Melville's life was often imperilled. At length, however, the search was temporarily abandoned, Melville returned to Belun, and having made arrangements for renewing the sad search at the earliest possible date, proceeded to Verkeransk.

The regular course of the narrative may here be interrupted to mention Engineer Melville's Siberian experiences. Siberia, as is well known, is that part of the Russian territory whither political "suspects" and the most dangerous among the criminal classes are banished. The condition of the inhabitants of this cold and desolate region was discovered to be, with rare exceptions, pitiful in the extreme. Naturally, as the citizen of a great and free Republic, Melville's sympathies went out very strongly toward the political prisoners. An interesting article might be written on this feature of our hero's adventures. Many pathetic facts came within his knowledge. One sad story must be repeated.

Dr. Buali, a political exile, was acting as government surgeon. When Dr. Melville met him he had become blind from a cataract and was about leaving the district to have it removed. Previous to his exile he had been a practising physician in a small city of the Crimea; "had never committed any crime or ever belonged to any secret society; and he seemed to believe that his only offence had been marrying the lady whom he loved, in a neighbouring village, for he knew he had a rival." His capture and banishment were on this wise. He had been in attendance for a week on the daughter of the police master, and his professional services had proved so successful that they had been discontinued, when one morning he was summoned in great haste to the police master's house to see the little girl, who was reported very ill. Time was not allowed him to eat his breakfast or even to put on his great coat. Arriving at the house the Cossack orderly commanded him to go to the office of his master. Surprised, Buali

complied. Here he was told that a body of exiles were ready to go to Siberia, and that he was to accompany them. At first he thought the matter was a joke, but soon learned that the statement was saddest fact. In answer to his eager inquiries as to accuser and accusation, the convenient reply was given, "Ad-

DELOS AND PAEN WADING ASHORE.

ministrative order." The plea for delay was treated with contempt. He was forbidden to make any preparation for his long journey. He might not even say farewell to his young wife.

Half-crazed and broken-hearted he started on his sad and weary travels. His grief was intensified by the fear that his wife would misinterpret his sudden absence and suppose herself wickedly

deserted. Fortunately he chanced at a certain railway station to recognize an old merchant friend. To him he managed to make known the facts, and supplicated him to see the forsaken wife and acquaint her with the great wrong done the innocent husband. His friend was true to his trust, and Buali's faithful and affectionate wife determined to follow her husband into exile. The effort was attended with difficulties, one fact contributing to make them almost insurmountable, namely, that an exile loses his identity, the name ceases to be and is replaced by a number. With womanly wit, however, she managed to learn her husband's whereabouts and to apprise him of her purpose. She reached Irkutsk in due course, "filled with sweet sympathy and expectation." "Picture," writes Melville, "her anguish—when, having travelled with wifely devotion 4,000 miles over the worst country in the world, she learned the cruel news, 'still 2,000 miles away;' and even then would she find him!" For a few days before she reached Irkutsk Buali had been sent to Yakutsk and thence to Verkeransk, where Melville met him. Is there cause for wonder at the sequel: the wife's insanity, the husband's attempted suicide?

Engineer Melville's stay in Yakutsk, the chief city of Siberia, was rendered pleasant by the kind attention of the authorities. Everything was regarded by him, however, as contributary to his great purpose to discover the fate of his noble companions. After necessary but tiresome delays the second search was begun on the 27th of January, 1882. For an account of the thrilling adventures connected with this second and successful search, the reader is referred to the admirable volume from which the facts in this article are gathered. It must be enough to say that on the 23rd of March the trail was fixed and, soon after, the bodies of DeLong and his brave fellow-sufferers were found. Commander DeLong was identified by his coat. "He lay on his right side, with his right hand under his cheek. His feet were drawn slightly up as though he were sleeping; his left arm was raised, and his hand thus lifted was bare. About four feet behind him, I found," continues Melville, "his small note-book or ice-journal."

A pathetic interest attaches to the last entry made by the gallant DeLong: "Oct. 30th, Sunday—Boyd and Görtz died during night. Mr. Collins dying."

Near the body of the commander the bodies of Dr. Ambler and Ah Sam, the Chinese cook, were found. The medicine case, a tin cylinder, containing the drawings and charts of the cruise, and several small articles, were discovered and preserved. It appears

STARTING OFF IN SEARCH FOR DELONG.

from the journals that, after leaving their boat, which came within a trifling distance of the Siberian coast, one after another died, until only the three whom Melville thus found survived. DeLong perceived "that unless the books and papers and the bodies of his comrades were removed from the low bed of the river, the spring floods would sweep them all out to sea. So the

surviving three had tried to carry the records to the high ground for safety." But overcome by hunger, cold and exhaustion, they, too, were compelled to lie down and die.

Subsequently the bodies of Görtz and Boyd were discovered, as also those of Iversen, Collins and Dressler. After some delay and doubt the remains of Lee and Kaack were exhumed, so that on March 27th all the bodies save those of Ericksen and Alexia were discovered. Then followed the sad funeral. The place of sepulchre is thus described:—"The burial ground is a bold promontory, with a perpendicular face overlooking the frozen Polar Sea. The rocky head of the mountain, cold and austere as the Sphinx, frowns upon the spot where the party perished; and considering its weather-beaten and time-worn aspect, it is altogether fitting that here they should rest."

And now the last sad duty being done for these heroic men, the despatches and records having been forwarded to the American Government, it became Mr. Melville's further duty to seek for Chipp and his comrades, the occupants, as it will be remembered, of the third boat. His efforts, however, were without success. It is probable that no trace will ever be found of their remains.

Nothing now remained but to return home. Engineer Melville reached New York on the 13th of Sept., 1882, three years and six months from the time when he left that city to join the *Jeannette* and one year from the day in which the three boats were separated in the fatal gale. "The bodies of DeLong, Dr. Ambler, and Ah Sam, the Chinese cook, were conveyed 6,000 miles by reindeer and horse through Siberia, and 6,000 miles by rail and steamship, through Russia and the Baltic and Atlantic to New York."

One would have imagined that after such severe and protracted travel, he would have been gladly content to remain for some time at least among his own countrymen. Not so, however, for the remaining pages of this interesting volume record his adventures in connection with the Greely Relief Expedition. The failure of the *Neptune*, *Proteus*, and *Yantic*, to relieve Greely, the story of whose expedition is doubtless fresh in the memories of our readers, led Mr. Melville to offer his services as commander of an expedition for the same purpose. "During the winter of 1883-84 the country was aroused to the necessity of dispatching at the earliest possible moment a fleet of vessels to accomplish

what the *Neptune*, *Proteus*, and *Yantic* had failed to do in 1882-83." Discussions in Congress delayed the undertaking, and while the members of that grave body were debating, the survivors of the Greely expedition were starving to death.

1. The Devil's Thumb. 2. Lieutenant Greely. 3. Finding the Greely Party. 4. Carrying them down to the Boats.

The prompt and energetic action of Secretary Chandler in the purchase, mainly on his own responsibility, of the ships *Bear* and *Thetis*, two of the best in the Scotch Arctic whaling fleet, followed by the graceful courtesy on the part of England in the gift to the

American Government of the *Alert*, formerly the flag-ship of Captain George Nares, R.N., in the English Polar Expedition of 1874, made it possible for Engineer Melville's Relief Expedition to sail from New York on the 1st of May, 1884. In the concluding sentences of a sufficiently lengthy article, I cannot hope to detail, even briefly, the history of the discovery of Greely. They are doubtless fresh in the memory of every reader. The survivors of the Greely party were found under circumstances the most painful. The following extract will give some idea of the scene:—

"Greely, in his sleeping bag, and resting on his hands and knees, was peering out through the open door-way; his hair and beard black, long, and matted, his hands and face begrimed with the soot of months, and his eyes glittering with excitement. For what terrible days of agony had been swept into oblivion by this supreme moment of joy. Succour had come at last! And he seemed scarcely able to realize it. . . . Beside him lay a man on his back, Sergeant Ellison, who said he would like to shake hands with me, but his hands and feet were frozen off. I saw that his nose was likewise gone. . . . Beside the tent was the burial-ground, where ten bodies lay in a row, some barely covered with the loose earth and stone." The survivors of the Greely party were First Lieut. A. W. Greely; Sergeants Brainerd, Fredericks, and Long; Hospital Steward Biderbeck; and Private Maurice Connell. Nineteen of the hapless crew perished from the rigours of an Arctic winter.

NOT THOU, BUT I.

It must have been for one of us, my Own,
To drink this cup, and eat this bitter bread.
Had not my tears upon thy face been shed,
Thy tears had dropt on mine. If I alone
Did not walk now, thy spirit would have known
My loneliness; and did my feet not tread
This weary path and steep, thy feet had bled
For mine and thy sad heart for mine made moan.
And so it comforts me, yea, not in vain,
To think of thine unbroken, peaceful sleep:
To know thine eyes are tearless, though mine weep.
And when this cup's last bitterness I drain
One thought shall still its primal sweetness keep.
Thou hast the peace, and I the undying pain.

—*Selected.*

THE GRIMSBY CAMP-GROUND.*

BY THE REV. ALEX. SUTHERLAND, D.D.

"How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel."—*Numbers* xxiv. 5.

The groves were God's first temples, ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems : in the darkling wood
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.

—*Bryant.*

More than twenty years ago the hearts of some earnest brethren, lay and clerical, in the Niagara District, were moved to call the people to a "Feast of Tabernacles" on the Smithville Circuit. The Lord graciously owned the effort, and many on earth, and not a few now in heaven, look back to the Smithfield Camp-ground as the place where they first could consciously say,

"'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and He is mine."

At the close of the meeting, the question arose, "Shall we make this an annual gathering?" "By all means," was the general response; "but could we not fix upon a better site?—

* Compiled from the *Camp-ground Recorder.*

Additional ground has this year been secured, making in all 100 acres, and under the energetic management of the Rev. Manly Benson of this city, the services promises to be among the most succesful ever held. An excellent programme has been prepared. Among the subjects announced are the meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society, of the Ministerial and Local Preachers' Association, Sunday-school Day Summer School of Elocution, etc. A special feature of the present season

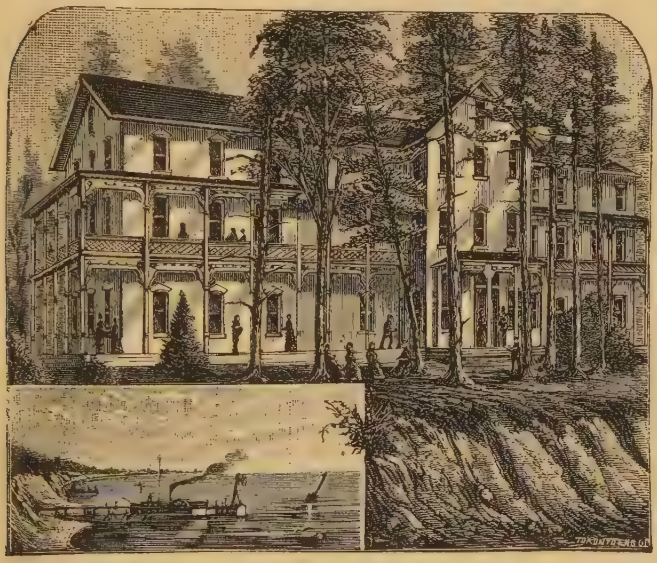
some spot accessible by rail, and yet equally central?" The suggestion was approved of, and a committee appointed to carry it out. In the course of their enquiries, somebody remarked that there was a grove on the farm of J. B. Bowslaugh, near Grimsby, that might be found suitable. A visit was made to the locality, and the committee found a spot that seemed to have been specially designed for a camp-ground. On the lake shore stood a grove of stately trees, chiefly oak and chestnut, interspersed with pine, casting an ample and cooling shadow; in a central position, a slight depression of the ground formed a natural amphitheatre capable of containing four or five thousand people; close by, a spring of clear water came bubbling up from the earth; while to the eastward the blue waters of Ontario danced and glittered in the sunshine, far as the eye could reach. Those who looked upon the scene said at once, "This is the very spot for our purpose: here we will build tabernacles and abide;" and led by the Rev. Samuel Rose, at that time Chairman of the District, they knelt upon the ground, and, in solemn prayer, took possession of the place in the name of the King of kings. Since that period (1859) the Grimsby Camp-meeting has been an established institution.

As years went on a new movement among our American friends began to attract attention. Summer resorts were numerous, but they were almost invariably scenes of frivolity and sin, and therefore exceedingly expensive in more senses than one. At length somebody asked,—"Can we not have some pleasant spot, by sea or lake, where, at moderate cost, Christian people may spend the summer months, free from the dissipation of fashionable watering-places, where their families may enjoy innocent and healthful recreation, and where religious privileges will be regarded as of greater importance than fashionable display?" The idea was too good to be lost sight of, and out of

is a number of afternoon Lectures by a large number of Specialists on the different subjects to be discussed. Among the preachers and lecturers will be Bishop Foss, Chancellor Sims, Chaplain Searles, Drs. J. O. and G. W. Peck, of the United States, and a host of Canadians. The singing will be under the direction of the Whyte Brothers. The grounds are easily accessible by rail and by the steamer *Rupert*, and the entertainment is good and inexpensive. For particulars see advertisement in the *Guardian* and daily papers.—ED.

it, eventually, came such delightful summer resorts as Round Lake, Sea Cliff, and Ocean Grove.

The success which attended the establishment of these resorts in the United States, suggested a similar attempt in Canada. After a good deal of thought and consultation, it was decided to try the experiment, and Grimsby Camp-ground was selected as the most promising locality. A company was formed, with Noah Phelps, Esq., of St. Catherines, as President. A charter was obtained, a part of the beautiful grove purchased and laid out in lots, and the scheme was fairly launched. The results have fully



Lakeview House, Fairview Bluff, Grimsby Camp.

justified the faith of the projectors. Numerous neat, tasteful cottages have been erected, and are occupied during the greater part of every summer, while many more will go up in a short time. This is quite enough to show that the Christian public appreciate the efforts of the Directors, and that the undertaking is now an assured success.

Beautiful for situation is a phrase which exactly describes the Grimsby Camp-ground. The grove, which is a very beautiful one, stands at an altitude of some thirty or forty feet above the lake. From the top of the bank, the eye can follow the windings of the shore westward as far as Grimsby Point, and

south-eastward almost to Port Dalhousie. To the northward the opposite shore is distinctly in sight, while to the eastward the view is bounded only by the line where sky and water meet. The situation shows to the best advantage, however, when approached from the lake. Then in the background is seen the bold outline of Burlington Heights; to the right and left are green fields and blossoming or fruit-laden orchards; in the middle distance, pretty white cottages peep out through the trees, like forest nymphs timidly watching the fiery dragon that comes panting across the waves; while in the foreground are spread out the placid waters of "blue Ontario," the whole forming a picture whose beauty is seldom surpassed and is not soon forgotten.

Steamboat Landing, Grimsby Camp.

Among the many attractions of the Camp-ground the religious services will still hold the foremost place — deservedly so in the estimation of all truly Christian people. We most earnestly desire to strengthen this feeling, and to stir up among all who will attend, and thousands more who cannot attend, the fervent hope and prayer that the approaching meetings may be the pentecost of the many that have been held on this consecrated spot.

Let earnest prayer be offered to God that the meetings may be of unusual power. There be many now-a-days who say, "What profit shall we have if we pray unto Him?" but thou, O child of God, whose prayers have been so often answered already, "pray without ceasing," and the answer shall be "according to your faith."

Let the families who reside on the ground be foremost to show an example of all fidelity in attending the various services. Real invalids are, of course, excusable; but make-believe invalids, who get up a headache at five minutes' notice about preaching time, are *not* excusable.

Let those recreations which are proper enough at other times be suspended during the services. It is not an edifying sight to see Church members rowing on the lake while service is going on in the auditorium.

LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MERCHANT.*

BY JOHN MACDONALD.

II.

ANOTHER case was somewhat like this: A man well advanced in life, in smart coat and white cravat. He paid cash and took his discount. He did this for a considerable period. He played his part well. He was an old hand, to him it was evidently no new game. One morning he was missing, his place closed, his goods gone. A message sent his creditors offering fifty cents in the dollar. His creditors met; the majority urged the acceptance of the offer. It was taken. He returned; shortly after the following letter was received by one of his creditors, enclosing a considerable amount of money:—

Dear Sir,—Inclosed you will find ——— dollars. Will you oblige by filling the accompanying order? I have much confidence in your house, and purpose doing all my business with it for cash.

Yours, etc.

To this the following reply was sent:

Sir,—Yours of the ——st has been received, enclosing ——— dollars. In your letter you state you have confidence in our house. We have to state that in you we have none. We must decline having anything to do with you even for cash. Will you send someone duly qualified to give us a receipt for the money sent us.

Your obedient Servants.

Now some may say all this seems strange. Would it not be better to take the money of those men and so help them to be honest for the future? The answer is, Those men were no better than swindlers; to encourage them and treat them as honest men would be not only to show that you sanctioned their dishonesty, but by your endorsement led them to fancy that they were honest, that in paying fifty cents instead of twenty-five they were entitled not only to respect, but to gratitude, as well as to a place among the upright traders of the

* A paper read at Bond Street Progress Society, January 26th, 1883; at Commercial College, and at Jarvis Street Baptist Church, April 19th, 1883; and at Metropolitan Church, October 31st, 1883.

land. But your encouragement of such men inflicts a positive injury upon honourable men who, amid discouragement, it may be, growing out of the demoralization which such men bring about perodically in business, are honestly paying every man 100 cents in the dollar. But one of those men used religion as a cloak. And he did it well, so that he could deceive the wary and observant. And some are ready to say, "Just like your professors of religion;" or more frequently, "There is one of your fine Methodists." Not so fast, my friend. Why did he assume the garb of religion? Because religion has a standard value in the world, even among ungodly men. He paid religion the highest compliment he could have paid it when he felt that, bad as he was, if he could but play the quiet part of the religious man, it would be the best mask under which he could carry on his dishonesty, until his end had been secured. Objectors who are ready to denounce all religion because bad men have assumed her name and donned her garb, had better pause and ask when did a man seek credit under the character of a drunkard, a gambler, or a profane person; and until men do, let them conclude that, so long as hypocrites use religion as a cloak, they do so only because true excellence is found there and there only.

Then how many one meets who are not willing to observe the old proverb, "Let well enough alone"—who are impatient to be rich. One case will serve to illustrate the class which I fear is not becoming less, and whose end is almost invariably the same as that of the party to whom I now refer. A young man, a first-rate business man, commenced business in a western town. He was doing well. He had many elements about him which promised success. I do not think he either smoked or drank. He was a regular attendant at church, and strictly moral. One day the following conversation took place between himself and the merchant who had entrusted himself and partner with a fair stock of goods:

Customer—"Do you know, I have bought a pinery, and I will very soon be able to pay all I owe, and have an independent fortune."

Merchant—"Do you think that a wise step?"

Customer—"Wise! Why, there is a fortune in it. The old fellow from whom I bought it is mad because he sold it, and would be glad to have it back. You see, there are so many

acres of pine, each acre will average so many trees, each tree so many feet; that will give so many million feet of lumber, which, at so much a thousand, will amount to so many hundred thousand dollars. Don't you see it, and don't you see what a fortune there is in it?"

Merchant—"Where are you going to get your engine and your machinery?"

Customer—"Oh, that is all arranged. The great machinist in Blank town will furnish all and take a mortgage."

Merchant—"Well, of course this venture is to be free from the contingencies to which all earthly things are subject. To insure such a property would cost from seven and a half to ten per cent."

Customer—"Oh, but I intend to have a night-watchman."

Merchant—"But is there not a possibility of his going to sleep, as night-watchmen have done before him, and the property being consumed by fire?"

Customer—"Impossible."

Merchant—"How are you going to pay your hands?"

Customer—"They will take goods in part payment, with a proportion of cash, and I will make my payments when the sales of the lumber are made."

Merchant—"If my experience has taught me anything it has taught me this, that a man can only give his attention to one business at one time if he wishes to make it a success. I have confidence in your store; in your pinery I have none. In the one you may succeed; in the other you will fail. If you will be mad, you must be mad upon your own means, not mine. Your workmen, if paid, must be paid from other sources than those furnished you for the carrying on of your regular business. You must dissolve your connection with this business, quietly if you are wise; but if not, it will be dissolved. It must not be overtaken in the wreck which must follow, and may come soon. You know well that I mean what I say."

He dissolved, and in a very short time everything else was dissolved, the mill and a portion of the pinery being destroyed by fire. And when the creditors looked for their assets they were nowhere, and the young man himself, wise when it was too late, bitterly regretting, I doubt not, the course he had taken, left for parts unknown.

How many are being ruined to-day by speculation? Think of Daniel Drew giving $500,000, and his notes for a like amount, to the university which bears his name, and dying a bankrupt through speculation. Think of the cashier of a bank in the neighbouring Republic taking the funds of the bank to cover up his losses in oil, hopelessly ruining himself and bringing ruin upon stockholders and depositors. Think of the corners in oil, and wheat, and pork—in short, in everything—and the ruin and loss of body and soul as the consequence. Think of the men who in Winnipeg have been ruined, young as the place is; who, anxious to make money in haste, and failing to realize the advantages of steadily adhering to one's business, prefer the chance of a rapid fortune, though associated with the probability of irrevocable failure. But one says, "Can I not invest in land, or stocks, or grain, or anything outside of my business, if I have money which I can afford to lose, and not hurt anyone?" The money that may be lost is the smallest part of the loss that must be sustained. You must lose your time, your peace of mind, the charm of home, the company of your friends; you must live in a state of constant unrest, of feverish excitement, of a high strung and unnatural strain, which will end in a consequent relaxation of mind and body. You must lay your calculation for the possibility of a place in the asylum, or an early grave. Do you think the picture overdrawn? Do the journals of each day not abound with pictures darker than those which I draw? But should every venture be successful, should all your investments be prizes, should the accumulation be all that you could desire and more than you had ever fancied in your most frenzied moments, will it pay you for the strain that has been needed to secure it? Will you benefit those to whom you leave your means when you realize that you leave them the fruits of gambling, and with them the impulse to continue a course which will eventuate, in all probability, in their ruin? To the man who has a business there is one safe rule: Follow it, and weigh well the words of the wise man—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

A not uncommon occurrence is for parties seeking credit to be refused by the house or houses to which they apply. This is an experience with which many who have reached a point at which they became easy in their circumstances have been at

some time in their business career very familiar. A young merchant, many years ago, when crossing the Atlantic, found for his companion a very agreeable American. They chatted, and became very familiar. The American gave his friend a pressing invitation to call upon him whenever he visited the American market. The time came when they met again, when the young merchant was a buyer, when the American had the goods, and had them for sale. Yet, after he had shown them, he spent some time looking over a book on the counting-house desk. He came back with an altered manner, and without saying in so many words that he would not give his friend credit, that was the meaning of his altered expression. And although the young merchant at the time knew nothing of mercantile agencies, or the books they publish, or the ratings they gave, the light of after years enabled him to comprehend that in that mercantile agency book he must have had a low rating, if indeed he had any rating at all. His American friend, who may have fancied himself a good judge of character, evidently took the benefit of the doubt, bade him good-morning, told him how glad he would always be to see him, and that when he came to New York again to be sure and find him out.

Now, there are two ways of meeting cases of this kind. One, to fly in a passion and tell the party most impressively who you are; that you can get all the goods you want; that you will afford him no opportunity of ever treating you in that way again; and walk out of the place highly indignant. This is often done. But the house which has witnessed this manifestation of disapproval does not collapse. It goes on, despite the loss sustained by all the business that this new customer would have brought it, and steadily and certainly extends its trade and meets its obligations. There is another way. Quietly take in the whole situation; realize that you have asked for credit, and that you have been refused; determine that by strict attention to business the day will come when the house which declined your account will seek it, will deem it a desirable thing to secure a share of your business; and then will be afforded an opportunity for exercising common sense, and using the circumstance for your own advantage. For while some say under such circumstances, and say foolishly, "Oh, you are from Mr. Blank." "Well," you may say to him, "he refused

me credit when I needed it, and I have no intention of buying goods from him now when credit is no longer necessary." There is another way. Look at the goods without reference to the past; if suitable, buy them; have common sense to realize that if it suited the house to refuse you credit once, it will suit you to buy from the house now. We commend this latter course as being in all respects the most sensible.

We have spoken of character as being an essential factor in one's success. What stories one could tell illustrative of this statement. Let me refer to one only. One day a party sought the advice of a merchant, when the following conversation took place. The gentleman seeking the merchant's advice I will call Brown. "I came," he said, "to consult you about my present position. I have a number of creditors. A considerable amount of my indebtedness is now due, a portion past due; the balance is rapidly maturing; my entire liabilities will be due within a short time. I cannot meet them at maturity. Some of my creditors have commenced to press, and others will follow. Some, fearing greater loss, have offered me a settlement at fifty cents in the dollar; others have expressed their readiness to take the same amount, and give me a discharge. I have come to ask your counsel; I come by the advice of a friend."

Merchant—"What is your margin?"

Brown—"My margin is very small; yet in assets it is on the right side, although if compelled to close I could not pay my debts."

Merchant—"There are two courses open to you. First, to accept the offer of composition of fifty cents in the dollar. Second, to state frankly to your creditors that your desire is to pay one hundred cents in the dollar. Keep nothing back from them, but make the fullest and most complete revelation of your affairs, and beg of your creditors to extend to you time, and time only. By the first course you will make a present gain of $20,000 or $30,000. To some extent you will lose the confidence of those who give you credit. Your position as a customer cannot be what it once was. Some of your creditors will accept your composition and do business with you. With others you will be placed at a disadvantage. First, do what is right. By the second course you will pay every man in full. The consciousness that you have done this, when you might have adopted

another course which seemed easier, and for the time more profitable, will be to you a source of strength which will avail you throughout life; will make your account a desirable one to every one of your creditors; and will, in one word, *be a fortune to you.* The latter is the course I advise."

Brown—"I will act upon your advice."

He went, met his creditors, explained his position, declined the offer of composition, secured the time he asked, met his engagements as they became due, and is to-day a wealthy man, doing an excellent business, and in the enjoyment of all the credit he requires. Do you not think he deserves it?

How different from this another case! A father carries on business for a number of years. He retires. He sells his business to his son. He leaves a considerable amount of his means with his son in his business. The son goes into the market, and buys freely upon the strength that he is the son of a wealthy and an honourable man, who is helping him with means—a not very unnatural conclusion to come to. Payments come in slowly. The father sues, obtains judgment, sweeps everything away and leaves not one dollar for the creditors. What has he gained? Ten or fifteen thousand dollars. What has he lost? The respect of every merchant with whom he had himself done business, who are unable to look upon him as an honest man. Of his own self-respect I can say nothing; that is something with which he must have long parted with before he was able to act in such a manner, standing, as he does, on a plane much below the burglar, who, while he robs you, knows that he endangers his liberty if not his life. Such a one as certainly and as knowingly robs you. Yet he does it in such a way as not to bring himself within the reach of the law, and not unlike her of whom it is said, "She eateth and wipeth her mouth, and saith, I have done no wickedness." (Prov. 30:20.)

But do not let us forget that there are cases where, the unexpected happening, no course seems open to the brave and upright man but the one which to him is the most abhorrent, that of meeting his creditors and offering them the best composition in his power; but after the maturest thought I have been able to give this subject, I am of opinion that fully fifty per cent. of the failures which take place are unnecessary!

That if men had but the brave hearts, the fixed purpose, the unfaltering determination to battle against their difficulties, they would surmount them, they would reach a position which their failure has put beyond their reach. Think of nearly seven thousand failures in the United States, representing liabilities of over $100,000,000, during the year 1882; of nearly eight hundred ascertained failures in Canada, representing liabilities of nearly $8,000,000 during the same period, apart from the settlements which have not been ascertained or tabulated, which might amount to about one-fifth more. We have no possibility of ascertaining what the loss on these estates have been, but I am forced to the conclusion that fully fifty per cent. of these ought to have been avoided; and I am strongly of opinion, the result of somewhat extended observation, that if every young man beginning business began it and followed it, keeping steadily before his mind the lesson taught so many of us in childhood—"That man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever"—it would be a species of capital that would serve him right through his business career, would furnish the best security to his creditors, the greatest safeguard against bankruptcy, and would, when fully comprehended and acted upon by traders, reduce the risks of business to a minimum.

But the consideration of this is a wide subject, full enough of matter to fill a volume, and into it I cannot enter. I had intended asking where the money finds its way which is lost to the merchant by impostors. How it is that not one dollar finds its way back even in the shape of conscience-money. This, also, is a wide subject, and would afford matter for many papers. Into this subject I cannot enter. I had intended taking up a little time in describing the people—the strange people—who visit the office of a merchant upon business other than his—upon their own business, every kind of business. This is a wide subject upon which much could be written, yet upon which my time will not allow me to enter.

It is said of Dr. Adam Clarke, the great commentator, that when a lad he was apprenticed to a draper; that one day when measuring a piece of cloth which he stated to his employer was less than the length needed, he was advised by his employer *to stretch it;* that upon objecting to do this he was advised to go

home, the draper saying to him, "You will never make a business man." Let me say, in closing, that if the expression implied that a man whose conscience was tender was unfitted for a business man, nothing could be more untrue. Ministers I have heard sometimes talk of the tricks of trade as if trade and dishonesty were twin sisters. There are no men more upright than merchants, none more honourable, none who contribute more to the advancement of all that is good and useful, not in the various cities only, but throughout our land. Nor are they confined to any nation or creed: these characteristics are claimed for them as a class. That there are unprincipled business men none will deny. Where is it that unprincipled men are not to be found? But I think the facts will bear me out when I claim that our merchants, by their indomitable energy and by their sterling character, have as much as any class helped to develop the resources of this great country, and have largely aided in making Canada what it is to-day—a coveted market in all the great monied and manufacturing centres in the world.

OAKLANDS, Toronto.

THE COURAGE OF LIFE.

COURAGE to look on coming years,
Their slender hopes, their certain tears,
With spirit still undaunted.

Courage to strive for every gain;
For genius even must work amain;
And struggle for what is wanted.

Courage to see illusions fade,
Thine idols fall that thou hast made,
To be by their memories haunted.

Courage to see thyself grow old,
Thy place usurped by the young and bold,
Their vigour before thee flaunted.

Courage to trace the dark, dark hours,
When all things seem beyond the powers
Of the faith that thou hast vaunted.

SHINY SMITH.*

BY A RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

II.

"I DON'T see myself that what else I have to tell is calculated to point a moral," said Shiny Smith; "still, I'm good to go on, if you wish it."

As it was to know something of his way of life that I was chiefly curious, I replied that I would like him to proceed.

"All right, then," he answered; "anything to oblige, so here goes. I had quite made up my mind not to put myself within the clutches of the law, and came to the conclusion that flat-catching must be my game."

"And what might flat-catching be?" I interrupted, seeing that he was taking it for granted that I knew the meaning of the term.

"Well, broadly," he answered, smiling, "it means swindling—in detail it may mean anything, from promoting bubble companies, down to revealing the future for seven stamps. The only question with me was, what particular line of the business I should take to. Circumstanced as I was, the bubble company sort of thing was several cuts above me, while I felt several cuts above the lowest branches; such, for instance, as professing to sell purses with a couple of half-crowns in them at a shilling each, or doing the sham smuggler, who tackles your neither-man-nor-boy flat, saluting him as 'shipmate,' and 'having' him over lettuce-leaf cigars, which he tells him are the real right sort, and have never paid duty, shiver his old timbers. At length came the right idea! You've been pretty well fleeced over horse-racing, it said, now take to fleecing—turn tipster."

"Tipster!" I interrupted again, as Shiny would have hurried on.

"Yes, advertising prophet, you know," he rejoined. "'The certain winner of any race sent on receipt of thirty stamps and a stamped addressed envelope. Fortune-maker. Box A.' That's

* Abridged from *The Great Army of London Poor*. By the Riverside Visitor. London: T. Woolmer, 2 Castle-street, City-road, E.C. Toronto: William Briggs.

about the simplest style of it, but you generally stick it in warmer than that. However, that's a digression at the present moment. Having decided on the tipster line, I went in for it scientifically. I had about sixty pounds of my money left, and I went and took a lodging in the neighbourhood of a great training district, in order that my address might have a business-like smack about it. I bought those volumes of racing matter that attracted your attention just now, and I say for myself that I studied them and the sporting papers, and otherwise did what I could to form a sound judgment on the coming events, for the benefit of my especial flats. It was then too, I ought to mention, that I took the not uncommon name of Smith—for the benefit of those I came in contact with, understand, not as my advertising signature, that was of a more flowery character. By way of a start I put forth a special 'draw,' running in this style: 'The advertiser, who has long been connected with racing stables, has got hold of so great a "moral" for the C—— Handicap, that he has backed it for all he is worth; but, as it is still at long odds, and is such a chance as only offers once in a life-time, he is anxious to raise a little more to put on, and in order to do so is willing to send the name of the horse to a limited number of subscribers, on receipt of sixty stamps, and a promise of ten per cent. on winnngs from each. Address, etc., etc.' I put this into half-a-dozen sporting papers, and though a first web I flatter myself it looked as pretty a little parlour as ever any sportingly inclined fly was invited to walk into. They walked into it to the tune of fourteen pounds over and above the cost of advertising.

"Nor was that all; I sent the name of one horse to some, and of other horses to others, and lo, and behold, one of them did prove the winner; and those who had received that name sent me something like another ten pound, as the promised percentage on their winnings. I did a number of other 'specials' with much the same profitable result. Then as that line could only be followed over some half-dozen of the biggest races of the year, I adopted a signature, and started as regular professional tipster, offering to tell the winners of every race of the season, and coming down to a thirteen stamp 'inspirer' for ordinary events, and thirty for the more important ones. I flatter myself that my advertisements in that character were second to few in

their drawing power. I seasoned high, come what would. Whether I happened to spot the winner or failed to name it in the half-dozen or dozen that I sent out to my 'subscribers,' it was all the same. I always promised the *certain* winner, and invariably announced 'Glorious success! Glorious success!' and the flats gorged the bait freely. I used to have fifty or sixty letters a week in a general way, and sometimes a hundred or more."

At this point I once more interrupted the flow of his narrative to observe that it was surprising that any person capable of writing a letter should be so easily duped.

"Ah, that's where you make a mistake," laughed Shiny; "its seeming surprising to you only shows your innocence. It's true some of the letters show their writers to be ignorant, but the majority of them are from people of fair education and position. If you had seen the names and callings of some of the writers you'd have been a lot more surprised than you are now. But there, it's only at a first glance that there appears anything wonderful about it; if you look into it you'll see it's only a case of 'poor human nature.' The man that said there was so many million people in the world mostly fools, was a deal nearer the mark than I dare say he supposed—you must be a knave to know how many fools there really are in the world, and how very foolish they are. As another flat-catcher that I was acquainted with used to say, fools make knaves: they are so plentiful and so tempting."

"And did you never experience any compunction in the matter?" I asked.

"Well, compunction is a weakness in a flat-catcher," he answered, smiling; "still, I don't mind owning that I did have sharp touches of it at times. In some of the letters it was easy enough to detect the germs of a case of bankruptcy, or embezzlement, or robbery from an employer, and when I came across these a fellow-feeling made me wondrous kind. I remembered how I had come down myself; and thinking of that, was disposed to be flat-saver instead of flat-catcher—if I could have been safely. But there was the difficulty. To have warned the flats I should have had to blow the gaff upon myself; to have written saying that tipping was all humbug, tipsters all rogues, and that the only really reliable and profitable advice I could give in connection with

betting was not to bet at all. If I had possessed courage and principle enough to have acted in that self-sacrificing manner, I should have had a lot too much principle to have ever been a flat-catcher.

"When over some particular letter my conscience did prick me, I always got cornered by the thought that to warn the flat meant to extinguish myself. So in the end I just let things drift, salving my conscience by saying to myself perhaps my warning would be of no use if I did send it; for to tell a flat that he is a flat, is, generally speaking, to put his back up, as he is the man of all others who is most given to think himself a sharper; and that as fools will part with their money, they might as well part with a little of it to me as to anybody else. If it had only been the thirteen or thirty stamps they sent me, I should never have had a second thought about the matter in any case; but sending for the tip is only the beginning of the bad end—its backing the tip that does the mischief. The tipster tells his subscribers that the horse he names can't lose, and advises them to 'lump the money on it,' back it for all they are worth, and the like. Acting upon the advice, they in too many instances lose all they are worth; and then, as was the case with me, they console themselves by thinking 'better luck next time,' and 'borrow' some one else's money to perform with, and, as I did, come to grief through it. I'm doing the open confession business with you now, and you may take my word for it that thousands are ruined through betting who are never seen on a race-course, and could scarcely tell the difference between a race-horse and a towel-horse, simply through the facilities that the sporting papers give for ruination. If I had happened to be a law-maker instead of a law-breaker, it is one of the things I would have gone in for putting down."

"As it was, you appear to have made a pretty good thing out of it," I said.

"Very fair," he answered, quite unabashed. "But it turned out to be too good to last. I received letters accusing me of not having given tips in return for stamps sent, and some complaints of the same kind were sent to the sporting papers. As a matter of fact I had never received the letters. I said so. The others could only repeat that they had certainly sent them, and the upshot was that a sorter in the local post-office was taken up for

stealing letters addressed to me. It was his own superiors who entrapped him; but I was obliged to give evidence before the magistrate, and this gave an opportunity to the solicitor for the defence to show me up as a flat-catcher. The case attracted notice, and turned public attention for a moment to the subject of racing tipsters: and then, behold, the sporting newspaper, without which I should have been powerless and the flats safe, turned moral against me. It certainly assumed a virtue when it had it not. I fancy people had been writing to it about its share in the business, for it was through its answers to correspondents that it attacked me. It would look better of the fellow, it said, to disgorge some of his own plunder than to help to send a poor sorter to prison. It suggested that I probably knew as much about the points of a race-horse, as a race-horse did about short-hand; and finally it intimated that it would insert no more of the fellow's advertisements. Under these circumstances I changed my signature, changed my newspaper, and varied the style of my advertisements. That would have been quite sufficient so far as the flats were concerned; but it wasn't good enough to take in the paper that was down on me. The fellow was at it again, it said, and pointed out how and where, and it stuck to me so close that there was nothing left for me but to shut up shop as a tipster."

"What did you take to then?" I asked, as Shiny made a rather lengthy pause.

"I didn't take to anything for a while, though I thought over a good many things. My first idea was to start a loan office."

"Had you capital enough to turn money-lender then?" I exclaimed in surprise.

"No, not to turn money-lender," he answered, with significant emphasis; "but more than enough to work the inquiry-fee dodge with."

"And how might the inquiry-fee dodge be worked?" I asked.

"Well, it's done on the bounce," he replied. "You advertise yourself as, say, 'The Metropolitan and Provincial Discount and Loan Association. Money advanced in sums of from £5 to £500, at five per cent. interest, with or without security. Forms of proposal on application.' Of course your forms of proposal are immensely business-looking papers. They are form 16, number 30,814, are officially headed, and printed in with as much legal

and financial sounding jargon as they can well stand. You send them to all who ask, and when they come back filled up, you strike your fish. On another form you write to say that the Board of Directors having considered the proposal are prepared to advance the sum required immediately upon receiving the report of their district agent, who will be instructed to forward the business, on the receipt of the usual inquiry fee, which, owing to the extensive character of their business, the directors of the M. and P. Association were enabled to fix at half a guinea instead of the guinea charged by other offices. In nine cases out of ten the half-guinea is sent, and then, after waiting a day or two, you write regretting that the report of the district agent is such that the directors have decided that they cannot make the advance at the low rate of interest at which they do business, and as they strictly confine themselves to the one class of business, they must decline the proposal."

"Then the inquiry-fee dodge, as you call it, is simply a more elaborate system of flat-catching than the racing one?" I said.

"Just so," he said, more elaborate and more profitable. I knew two who were in the line, and their worst weeks would be better than my best at the tipping."

"How was it you didn't take to it, then; not from tenderness of conscience, I suppose?"

"No, but from tenderness of feeling about myself," he answered. "I had had enough of penal servitude to be extra cautious about running the risk of *that* again. It was a hundred to one that the game could be carried on safely, but still, by being the secretary, the board of directors, the district agent, and everything else all in one, you did leave yourself open to a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. This made me hesitate about the inquiry-fee business and other things of the kind that I thought of, though I dare say I should have gone in for something of the kind at last, if I hadn't drifted into this quarter of the world."

As he finished speaking, he pushed his chair back from the fire a little way, took a pipe from his pocket and began to fill it, like a man who had come to the end of his subject; but adopting something of his own freedom of manner, I said—

"But how did you come to drift into this quarter of the world? It's hardly fair of you to want to leave off just at the part of

your story in which, you must know, I am most likely to be interested."

"Well, it's not that," he said; "I don't want to come the to-be-continued-in-our-next stroke over you."

"Of course, if there is anything you think it would be imprudent to tell me," I answered, "I have nothing further to say."

"Well, what further I have to tell of myself is, I suppose, neither better nor worse than what I have already told, as it is all to the same effect—that I am a bad lot. I hesitated about speaking about the game I'm up to at present, because it occurred to me that I might let out something that I had no right to do about others. However, I can tell you, in a general way, and put you fly to a wrinkle or two without injuring any one. While I was still thinking about what I should do, after being knocked out of time as a tipster, I met a publican with whom I was acquainted through having been in the habit of going into his booth at race meetings. I found that his public-house was down here, and had a small music-hall attached to it, and that he was in search of a person to act as chairman and manager of this hall. After some talk it was arranged that I was to have the berth at a pound a week and my board and lodgings, and so I came into the neighbourhood. The hall was a very low one, its chief frequenters being the thieves, crimps, and other queer characters of the district; drunken sailors, and the sort of women that are likely to be found in such company. And here I got to know all the 'queer' set.

"Well, as I dare say you know, in most queer districts there is a character known among the initiated as the Penman, or the 'Scolard.' He is Jack the penman, or Scolard Johnson, or some such name; and he is usually a man of blown character, but of some education and cleverness. I soon found out that there was no such character in this district, and, on the other hand, some of the cleverer and more high-flying customers among the queer set soon found out not only that I was a bit of a penman, and a bit of a 'scolard,' but a bit of a lawyer too. They took to coming to ask me just to write that bit of a thing, or advise them over the other; and sometimes they voluntarily paid very liberally for those slight services. This suggested to me that here was an opening, and acting on the idea, I set up as what I may call attorney and correspondent general to the neighbourhood, giving

up the managership but retaining the chairmanship of the music hall, which brings me in fifteen shillings a week."

"What might an attorney and correspondent general of your stamp do?" I asked.

"Oh, a thousand and one odd things."

"But name some of them," I persisted.

"Well, he will advise with the friends or relations of people 'in trouble;' he will give opinions upon cases which, if he knows his business, he will have put to him supposititious ones, he will —if he can—explain the nature or value of papers which a client may have chanced to *find*. He will write—for friends who are not able to write—to people who are under hiding because they are 'wanted;' he will read the answers when there are any; and in the way of smaller things he will draw out subscription-list headings, cards for 'Friendly Leads,'—that is, raffles for the benefit of people who have just got into or out of 'trouble'— and begging petitions. Sometimes, too, he may do a little in the way of such things as 'touching up' a rent book which is going to be used as a reference by a person seeking a house, and which would be the reverse of a recommendation, if not touched up; or putting a crimp's accounts against sailors into shape."

Such was the story of Shiny Smith's life, as told by himself, such the chances he had thrown away, such the misery he had brought upon himself and others, such the disreputable means by which he had lived—by which he was living. As revealing something of the inner life of our human birds of prey, it might be regarded as a curious story, but sitting there face to face with the man when he had finished it, looking at his well-knit figure, his handsome face, and broad forehead, and thinking of what he might have been and was not, I felt that it was a most wretched story—a story which he who had told it had well named as of the "horrid example" class. At first, as I have mentioned, he spoke with evident feeling, but during the latter part of the discourse he had spoken in much his usual manner. It was apparent, however, that to a certain extent the manner was on this occasion forced; that "the still small voice" was making itself heard: that he felt, if not remorse, at least some sense of his degradation. Seeing this, and remembering that I had more than once heard of his doing really kind acts, I felt there must still be some good in him, and while I could not but condemn, neither

could I but pity him. I appealed to the good that I believed was yet left to him. I urged upon him to give up the life he was leading; to seek out some honest way of earning a livelihood. He admitted that his present mode of life *was* degraded, that at times he keenly felt it to be so, and that an honest life would be infinitely preferable. But that sin of pride by which so many have fallen, prevented him from attempting to raise himself out of the slough into which he had sunk. To be admitted into the ranks of honest men again, he said, he would have to do the humble and penitential, and start at the very bottom of the ladder. It was what he ought to do, perhaps, might be a fitting part of his punishment, but for all that he couldn't bring himself to do it—he wouldn't "knuckle down." This was all I could get out of him, either on this or the several subsequent occasions when, as opportunity offered, I renewed the subject with him, and again urged him to turn from his wickedness.

But what my weak endeavours had failed to effect, a Higher Power brought about in its own good time and manner. The hand of affliction was laid upon Shiny. He was prostrated upon a sick-bed, and for the rainy day of sickness he had made no preparation. In the course of a few weeks he was reduced to a state of destitution, and might have died of want and neglect had it not been for the kindness of Bible Braidy. The old man assisted him as far as his own scanty means would allow, and finally got him removed to the workhouse infirmary. There, after many weeks of suffering, the disease was mastered. At this stage, Braidy informed me that Shiny wished to see me. I found him much broken down, and very weak; and I could see tears gather in his eyes as I shook hands with him, and expressed my sorrow at seeing him so ill. He murmured some expression of thanks; and then, having lain still for a few minutes, he said in a trembling voice, but with a faint smile creeping over his wasted features—

"I hope you believe in the old adage that it is never too late to mend."

"I do," I answered.

"Well, I'm sorry I should have left it so late; but I do mean, with God's help, to mend now. I have been brought back from the verge of the grave, so that I may call myself a new man; I feel as if a new heart had been given to me, and when I get about again, I want to lead a better life. Will you help me?"

"Willingly! In any way that I can," I answered promptly. "What is your own idea?"

Briefly put, his views were that he must leave the neighbourhood, and that he would like to leave England altogether, and commence a new life in a new world.

This latter idea I thought was a good one; and after I had left him, it occurred to me that I could perhaps enable him to carry it out.

I had, a week or two previously, made the acquaintance of an agent of a large firm of railway contractors, who had come down to our district to superintend the fitting out and loading of a vessel that was to take out a number of men who had been engaged for the construction of a railway in New Zealand. Report said he had been a navvy, and had worked his way up to his present position. He was a big, burly fellow, rather coarse of feature, and rather blustering in manner, but, under his roughness of exterior, there was a good deal of shrewdness and kindness of heart. To this man I spoke about Shiny; and the result was that, after some little negotiation, he agreed to take him out as his own clerk. On the day of sailing, Braidy and I saw him off, and, though, being still weak, he was much affected at parting, he went away in a hopeful spirit. He arrived safely at his destination, and took an early opportunity of writing to old Braidy to notify the fact, and after that he kept up a tolerably regular correspondence with the old man. His first letters gave unmistakable indications of despondency and restlessness of spirit; and there can be little doubt that, had he been among the old scenes and companions, he would have relapsed into the old evil ways, his sick-bed repentance and promises forgotten in the days of restored health. Happily for himself, however, he was now placed beyond the reach of the temptation that would have lain in his old associations; and as time wore on, his letters became more and more cheerful, marking, unconsciously to himself, the growth of grace within him.

One letter in particular I well remember. It was dated on the second anniversary of his arrival in the colony, and was written, he said, "in the softness of the stilly summer night, with the bright stars looking down upon him like the eyes of guardian angels." The day, he went on, had sent his thoughts back to the old bad times before the sickness, which had been laid upon him

as a means of salvation, and as he reflected of what he was then —a wrong-doer against the laws of man, and still more against the laws of God—a proudly perverse stray-away, knowing well the right, but preferring the wrong, when he thought of himself as he had been, and what he now was—a sheep brought back to the fold—his heart was filled with unutterable thankfulness for the manner in which God had blessed and saved him.

From this and other letters—which were very modestly written —we gathered that he was doing very well in a worldly way, and continued faithful to the good resolves he had made. Five years after his departure, the agent who so kindly afforded him the opportunity of retrieving himself, returned to England, bringing with him from Shiny a handsome present for old Braidy, and a graceful little token of remembrance for myself. He amply confirmed all that Shiny's letters had said. He had been so satisfied with Shiny's behaviour, and so pleased with his ability, that he had been strongly desirous of retaining him as his clerk; but Shiny had not cared about coming back to the old country. He had got another engagement in the colony, and there, liked by all who knew him, he was leading an honest, respectable, God-fearing life. The path of reformation had been made easy for him; he was humbly thankful that it had been so, and grateful to all who had helped him in that path.

TWO SAYINGS.

TWO sayings of the Holy Scriptures beat
Like pulses in the Church's brow and breast;
And by them we find rest in our unrest,
And heart-deep in salt tears, do yet entreat
God's fellowship, as if on heavenly seat,
The first is "Jesus wept," whereon is pressed
Full many a sobbing face and drops its best
And sweetest waters on the record sweet;
And one is, where the Christ, denied and scorned,
"Looked upon Peter." O, to render pain
By help of having loved a little and mourned,
That look of sovereign love, and sovereign pain,
Which He who could not sin, yet suffered, turned
On him who could reject, but not sustain.

PANTHEISM.*

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Less than thirty days ago we heard a learned divine, in the presence of other divines, ask the question: "What in your experience is the most seductive form of error, and at the same time that which presents the strongest claims for consideration?" We would have answered in one word, "Pantheism." You ask for proof? Here it is in an *ipse dixit* statement. Scarcely a system of philosophy with any claims at all to respectability, from the ancient Hindoos, to the Grecian Thales, and from that date until the present, but is in some direct or indirect method either tinged with pantheism or wholly committed thereto. Perhaps the three names, Plotinus, Spinoza, Hegel, in the Christian centuries, have done as much as any others in controlling thought, and they are pantheistic every one. "Martyrs to intellectual ambition," they have ignored the visible and the individual, and have sought in the depths of the infinite the indivisible unity, the being they would fain call God. It may sound like religious blasphemy, but it is not blasphemy in the language of philosophy when Hegel asks, "What kind of a Deity is that which does not include all things, sin not excepted?" The passionate craving for a universal science, founded upon universal unity, fires the intellect and promises satisfaction to the heart; but its issue can only be a pantheism, where God is nothing but the universe, or where the universe exists only in God. Matter and spirit are not two separate existences, but two sides, or two sets of phenomena of the same divine substance.

A mind less disposed to religious influences might hesitate, like Prof. Bain, of Aberdeen, to call this double-faced unity God, while admitting that anything like dualism or individualism is a logical absurdity and a theological superstition. Dr. J. D. Morell makes the abstract idea of "power" the only existence. He says:

"Power acting unconsciously and blindly is matter, power raised to intelligence and volition is spirit. The substratum of both is identical, but

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there exists in their most inward nature determinations which result in phenomenal differences—differences which will ever be marked and distinguished by the language of dualism ; because ordinary language is always based upon phenomena, and not upon a refined metaphysical analysis."

Pantheism is thus seen to be either materialistic or idealistic, according as we assume the materialistic monism of Bain, or the dynamism of Leibnitz as represented by Morell and many other modern writers. Like Proteus, it may assume any number of forms ; its fundamental idea must, however, be that of unity. Multiplicity there cannot be. As with Spinoza : "Thought and extension, souls and bodies, are but two sides of one and the same extension. Nature is God in extension and motion ; the soul is God in thought." (Saisset, Vol. II., p. 9.)

It may not be amiss in this connection to state that some of the fundamental teachings of Hamilton, borrowed from Kant, lead directly to a pantheistic view of the universe. When he holds that creation can only be conceived in some sense as an emanation or transformation of Deity, that after such creation we cannot think there is an added particle to the previous quantum of matter, that a freely originated and self-determined act of the will is equally unthinkable, we have only to add Cousin's idea that God is necessitated to create, and we see how the idealistic pantheism of Germany has tinged the thought of the most representative of British philosophers. And when the Bampton lecturer for 1858, Dean Mansel, in his "Limits of Religious Thought," espoused all this subtle and poisonous philosophy, and was hailed by the Established Church as the great champion of orthodoxy, we see at once how captivating is the system upon the one side, and how complicated are the processes of thought upon the other. As Milton says :

> "So near grows life to death."

What shall we poor mortals do when logicians who

> "Could distinguish and divide
> A hair 'twixt south and south-west side,"

have shut us living within a sepulchre which they have bolted and barred on every side ? If such be logic, we feel that in the interests of poor humanity it ought to be "full of outlets."

When we hear Ernest Renan ask: "Who knows if the highest term of progress after millions of ages may not evoke the absolute consciousness of the universe, and in this consciousness the awakening of all that lived?" we fear that the terms "Our Father in heaven," to whom, he assures us, "we feel ourselves to be in mysterious affinity," are all too expressive of the pantheism in which the brilliant rhapsodist and scholar has found a refuge for the thoughts of his busy brain, and for the emotions of a heart that is not a stranger to the deepest affection.

Pantheism has been sung by Shelley in the weird, wild notes of his poetic muse. The lately departed Emerson preached it constantly throughout a long and brillant career, while hosts of lesser satellites are borne quietly upon the bosom of that mysterous stream that knows neither its origin nor destiny, and is equally powerless to begin the one, or lay a restraining influence upon the other.

It would be quite impossible to give a definition of pantheism that would cover every phase of its multiform character. The following brief statements will, however, outline its general positions as compared with deism or theism.

Pantheism denies that God and nature either can or do exist apart. God without nature is a cause without an effect, a substance without qualities. Nature without God is an effect without a cause, qualities are attributes without a substance. The two, God and nature, are eternally linked in indissoluble union.

Deism makes God independent of nature. God exists above and apart from the world. The world is a creation distinct and separate from the Creator, but having been created, the powers of development are within itself, and henceforth it is independent of the Creator's care. "It not only distinguishes God from the world, but separates and excludes Him from it."

Theism is the happy blending of parts of the pantheistic and deistic theories. God is the Creator, the world is the creature. The two are individually distinct, and yet God cares for the creature whose dependence is acknowledged and evidenced in a thousand different ways. It maintains with deism the personality, independence, and creative power of God; and with pantheism it asserts His omnipresence and sustaining care. It denies as against deism the independence of the created universe, and as against pantheism the dependence of God upon the universe.

Deism and theism make the universe a creation, pantheism can give no account of creation except as an emanation. Absolute creation is alike inconceivable and impossible; a finite creation is unworthy of infinite power, while origination in time but illy comports with the eternal years of God.

Such in part is the problem reason sets before itself for solution. Out of all the disordered and chaotic elements it struggles to evoke a unity that shall have no jarring note of discord, where all semblance of vanity is lost, personality has vanished, and all "self-accusation has become but self-deception, since the worst passions and vilest actions of humanity are states and operations of the one absolute Being."

Pantheism is always in unstable equilibrium between theism and atheism, and is logically necessitated to elevate itself to the one or to descend to the other. It is perhaps not incorrect to say that atheism is the refuge for a mind naturally irreligious, while pantheism is frequently indicative of a highly religious natural endowment associated with a strong intellectual tendency to bring all things to unity of system and thought. Atheism fails in every regard to satisfy the higher and holier aspirations of our nature. Pantheism makes the fairest promises, but when it has robbed God of His personality, Fatherly care, and redeeming mercy, it simply "keeps the word of promise to the ear, but breaks it to the heart."

Atheism is a lie to the heart's core. Only the fool could say "in his heart," not in his head, "There is no God." Atheism is the outcome of a diseased moral nature, not the declaration of reason. Atheism storms the citadel of our affections and leaves them but as the scoriæ that cover the volcano from base to summit and make it an emblem of death. It reaches out its skeleton hand, and hope—that brightened all the future with crystal founts, sapphired walls, palms of victory, and the inspiring melody of the white-robed multitude—lies bleeding and dying at our very altar-fires. It stretches the pall of its despair over the eternity past and the eternity to come, and the universe with its uncounted millions, and man, the noblest of them all, are buried in one common sepulchre. The heavy tolling from Time's cathedral tower falls in its solemn monotones upon the ear, and we stand by the grave of a spiritual annihilation, weeping over the corpse of God. "O my soul, come not thou into their

secret, unto their assembly mine honour be not thou united." Human hearts stand paralyzed at the thought of such desecration. We do not shudder at the consideration that we shall witness the funeral march of unnumbered worlds as they pass from sight into non-existence. We rejoice at the conception of a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness; but that our thoughts of the eternal God should pass away and be no more, that the throne of Deity should be vacated, and an orphaned world through the eternal ages beat its bosom in despair, and seek in vain the Almighty Father, dry up all our nobler impulses at their very fountains.

Coleridge represents the owl as closing its eyes to the sun and asking where it is, as illustrative of the atheist:

> "Forth from his dark and murky hiding-place
> (Portentous sight) the owlet Atheism,
> Sailing on obscene wing athwart the noon
> Drops his blue-fringèd lids and holds them close
> And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
> Cries out—Where is it?"

Atheism is too cold and repulsive for hearts warmed by currents of human blood. It makes no friendship with distress, and offers no consolation in despair. It leaves the curse still lying upon the race, and even adds to its already heavy burden. Heartless, soulless, cheerless, we banish it from our thoughts to make room for a more inviting creed.

The soul thirsts for God.

It would, however, be too great a leap to go at once from the rayless midnight of atheism to the abiding noon-day of Christian theism. The soul thirsts for God, but it cannot as yet accept the living God. Pantheism offers a compromise. It is a convenient halting-place for the reason, the conscience, and the soul. It does not choke the fountains of our reason with the sands of the desert by leaving the world in cold and dreary isolation with no relation to some central power. It offers peace to the troubled conscience and the disquieted soul by showing us the slumbering spirit of the universe in whose arms we expire, and on whose bosom we lose our individuality as the rain-drop is lost in the ocean. This seems a desirable escape from the tempest gathering about us and waiting only for death that it might exercise its wrath. Its first presentation is like Milton's description of sin,

beautiful to the sight, but a full view brings out its hideousness and deformity:

> "The one seemed woman to the waist and fair,
> But ended foul in many a scaly fold
> Voluminous and vast, a serpent armed
> With mortal sting."

If atheism stands before us,

> . . . . . "black as night,
> Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,"

in its very repulsiveness is found our safety. We draw back as from the serpent's touch. But pantheism, with its alluring charms, and its easy solution of the Gordian knots of philosophical strife, invites us to the embrace of what proves a putrefying corpse. Literally, we take hold on death.

Atheism says, "There is no God;" pantheism says, "Everything is God." God is the universe and the universe is God. No personality answers at the bar of heaven; no redeemed spirit strikes the harp-strings around God's throne. God is the slumbering spirit of the universe, whose necessitated evolution goes on through the unending cycles of eternity. Matter is but a mode of the Divine extension, thought but an attribute of the infinite mind. No will-power sits upon the throne of the universe and lays his directing hand upon the forces of nature. We are summoned to the funeral of God and the soul. "We trample Deity under our feet and sweep Him from our door-sills." Like the Hindoo, we ought not in consistency with our creed either needlessly crush a clod of clay or pluck a blade of grass lest we mar the beauty or disturb the repose of the great Eternal.

Pantheism regards all life-force as but the manifestation of a general and natural vitality. Animal and vegetable life are in the last analysis but one and the same, and have simply branched off in different directions. Our intellectual life is but a self-conscious wave of the fettered and slumbering world-spirit which scarcely dares breathe in the complaining moan of the forest; sighs its own unconscious requiem in the tall evergreens that adorn our homes; while in the animal it vainly struggles to throw off its fetters, and in the full and highest exercise of individuality and freedom that it is capable of enjoying it sings its hallelujah in man. But this newly-awakened life and joy are doomed to speedy death.

The throes of dissolution are present in the first note of exultation, and the existence thus inaugurated immediately expires under the shadow of a night that knows no morning. The golden tapestry, fit hangings for the palace of the Eternal, woven by reason, faith, hope, and charity, becomes but our funeral shroud enclosing us in a death followed by no resurrection.

"The worshipper, carried through the long avenues of columns and statues and the splendid halls of the ancient temple of the Egyptian Thebes, was not conducted at last to a more miserable termination, when in the inner shrine he found one of the lower animals, than the follower of a modern philosopher when conducted through processes, laws and developments to a divinity who has less of separate sensation and consciousness and life than the very brutes which Egypt declared to be gods." —McCosh.

Are these influences at work among us, or are we likely to suffer from them? This is a practical question, let us seek a practical answer. We have already answered it in the affirmative, but allow us to call it up again.

Two eras in philosophical thought, with well-defined outline, stand out prominently in history, the one Grecian, the other German. No one can deny that the philosophy of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, governed the world until three centuries ago. The brilliant Descartes then secured attention, and out of his teaching the "god-intoxicated" Jew, Spinoza, formulated his definition of substance and thus laid the foundation for a system of pantheism, which has left its fruitful image upon all Germany's subsequent philosophy and theology. "By substance I mean that which is in itself and is conceived by itself; in other words, it is that the concept of which does not require any antecedent from which it must be formed." And again: "Substance is not manifold or multiple, but exists single and is ever of one and the same nature." In this we are but a step from the famous utterance, "Omnis determinatio est negatio," and we have but to follow the doctrine through Kant and his immediate successors till we reach the theory of pure Being without any attributes whatever, and find ourselves in the presence of the Hegelian idealistic pantheism of to-day. In its influence on theology, the mythical theory of Strauss with reference to the Gospels is the outgrowth of this pantheism, as Renan's legendary theory is the logical result of the materialistic pantheism of Auguste Comte. The specula-

tions of Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall may perhaps not unjustly be named an organic pantheism "which speaks of nature as endowed with vitality, and deifies it as the highest, the most complete, the universal organism." (McCosh.) Justly has the same writer said: "If this mystical language has any realistic signification, it must mean that nature is just a magnificent vegetable, or an infinite brute, and that this vegetable, this brute is God." (Div. Gov., p. 458.) As Coleridge says of the blasphemer, so say we of the pantheist, "He utters big words, yet ever and anon we observe him turning pale at his own courage."

These are but practical illustrations of the influence of a system of thought whose baneful tendency may not be perceived by us all, and whose origin some of us may not have the opportunity to discover. We cannot all trace the Nile to its source, but we can all see it as it floods the receptive soil of Egypt before it loses itself in the sea. We have not all followed up the grand chain of our North American lakes, but we are assured of their existence, else there could be no rushing Niagara, and no beautiful St. Lawrence with its thousand islands slumbering upon its bosom. So with the great truths of our holy Christianity, and the great errors of heterodoxy. They are all traceable to the influence of some master-mind who has projected his thought down the centuries, and who being dead yet speaketh. They are the living fires kindled by the dry chips from some Grecian or German workshop.

These fires are already kindled in our midst, and their dazzling blaze has too frequently proved itself the faithless beacon to many a storm-tossed soul. Dr. McCosh says: "Pantheism is the form in which infidelity prevails on the continent of Europe at the present day." (Div. Gov., p. 53.) Dr. Rigg says: "At the present moment a pantheistic philosophy is the philosophy in which unbelief for the most part invests itself in England." And what shall we say of Carlyle, of Emerson, of Spencer, and of Matthew Arnold? for a pantheistic atmosphere, either directly or indirectly, pervades them all. Twenty-five years ago Dr. Mill penned the following words of warning—words doubly ominous when we remember that Brahminism is the most imposing and most logical form of pantheism of the present or any other age. He says: "We hear much of the laudable efforts to bring the saving truths of Christianity within the reach of

Brahminism; but few among us are aware that the very esoteric doctrine of Brahminism and all pagan theology is now in the course of propagation to cultivated minds from the centre of Christian Europe." Says another writer, "Pantheism is pre-eminently the metaphysical heresy." But we need not multiply quotations. The very atmosphere is freighted with arguments for its defence or for its overthrow. Our literature abounds in thought, argument, and utterance inspired by its universal influence.

It is not a time for silence or the laying down of arms. Our practical Christianity is the outgrowth of our creed. "As a man thinketh so is he." The difference between Martin Luther, the devout son of Roman Catholicism, and Martin Luther, the consecrated hero of a Protestant Christianity, is one of creed. Salvation by faith has supplanted the erroneous doctrine of salvation by works, and under the influence of this scriptural doctrine he struck the solid blows for truth and God that shook Rome upon her seven hills, and awakened a religious activity that gave us the grand heritage we enjoy to-day. Saul, the persecuting Jew, and Paul, the earnest Apostle to the Gentiles, represent the influence of a creed when it has possession of both mind and soul. No wonder that, after persecuting the Church of God and wasting it, and thinking he was doing God service, this same apostle so frequently writes: "Take heed to your doctrine." If our theology is unsound at its base, it will paralyze our entire Christian life. No tree can be vigorous or live through a storm whose roots are decayed, or draw their nourishment from a shallow soil. The house whose foundations are laid in the sand has not the security of the one built on solid rock.

Among many objections to pantheism we will simply present the following:—

1. First and foremost among these objections is its denial of a personal God.

Pantheism knows no personality for God, in the proper sense of the term. God is the unconscious, irresponsible, necessitated, unfolding universe, without life, will, personality, and consequently without moral character. If He come to consciousness at all it is only in man, and then but to drop back into Himself and disappear as the rain-drop when it falls upon the bosom of the deep. Spinoza represents God and man as the ocean and a bottle of

water floating upon it. They are individually distinct until the bottle breaks and its contents are mingled with the common mass. To what, then, does our responsibility point? To a phantom ruler, lifeless, unconscious, impersonal, who never sits upon a throne of judgment, but diffuses Himself as natural law throughout the universe. You laugh when we talk of arraigning you before such a judge. Conscience refuses to answer at such a tribunal. If this be God, reason stands abashed at its own utterance, and for very shame should seek refuge in a death that knows no resurrection, and in an annihilation that recreates no ghostly spectre to mock its former folly.

Let the personality of God stand out upon the horizon of our creed as the sun stands in the heavens at the noon-day hour. On no other theory is creation a rational process, government and the administration of law possible, and man's fall and redemption historical facts. In the indivisible unity and personality of God are included an infinite wealth of powers and attributes that pour their full tide of beneficence upon an otherwise impoverished world.

2. When the personality of God is gone, there can be no personality for man.

Have we fully realized the ruin that we have then brought to our own being and destiny? Out of the slime of ancient seas, and from the star-dust of the primeval ages has sprung a being whose transcendent genius seems at utter variance with so lowly an origin, and who in the ingratitude of his heart spurns association with the mother that gave him birth. The remarkable family of Hegelians, begotten "of pure nothing as mother and pure absurdity as father," can claim a more respectable parentage than we. If man be not a personality, the voice of conscience is but the echo of a phantom judge seated upon an imaginary throne. Will-power is but the diseased and sickly vocabulary of theological superstition, priestly arrogance, and the misread phenomena of nature's laws that create themselves and finally shall be their own executioner. The song of our great immortality, whose discordant notes were so soon played upon the broken harps of Eden, whose strings have since been attuned to sweetest melody in the anguish of Gethsemane and the humiliation of Calvary become the unharmonious voices of the elements that die away, with none to record their history or lay affection's offering

upon their tomb. Life and death, an existence begun and an existence closed, are but the ebb and flow of unconscious billows breaking upon the shores of eternity, and then lost and gone forever. As all are of the dust, and all return to dust, so the circling, whirling process goes on like the flow of a bridgeless river whose fountain-head and receptacle are among the unfathomable mysteries.

> "The One through all in cycles goes;
> And all to one returning flows."

Prayer, the first-born child of every human heart, becomes nature's sublime mockery of itself. "We will come unto man and make our abode with him" rings its hallowed peals through empty corridors and falls upon lifeless ears. "Touched with the feeling of our infirmity?" O what blasphemous mockery! Again the soul cries out for God, the living God.

> "Oh, there are thoughts
> That slumber in the soul like sweetest sounds
> Amid the harp's loose strings, till airs from heaven,
> On earth at dewy night-fall visitant,
> Awake the sleeping melody."

And outside of Christian theism what provision is there made for these wants?

> "The world with stones instead of bread,
> Our hungry souls has always fed;
> It promised health—in one short hour
> Perished the fair and fragile flower;
> It promised riches—in a day
> They made them wings and fled away;
> It promised friends—all sought their own,
> And left my widowed heart alone."

Says the German sceptic: "When I looked up into the immeasurable universe for the Divine eye, there glared upon me an empty, black, bottomless eye-socket." And this dire pantheism and atheism are the logical outgrowth of the German lecture-room whose philosophy has been moulded by Spinoza, and the "Critical Method" of Immanuel Kant. "In our next lecture," says Fichte, a disciple of the latter, "we will proceed to create God." Surely "intellectual idolatry" can demand no greater sacrifice than this. In such language fell the cold snow-flakes of

German thought upon the brilliant audiences that thronged her universities fifty years ago. The snows have since melted upon these German mountains, and the inundation therefrom has washed upon every shore of Christendom. Old faiths have yielded in the struggle, and the wasting devastation has gone on gaining victory after victory, leaving its course marked by the crumbling walls and moss-covered ruins of long-cherished creeds. The waves of French unbelief and German pantheism have united their forces with the teachings of evolution in some one of its manifold forms in a way that has turned intelligence and reason into a madhouse, and the universe into a morgue. Pantheism, as Shakespeare says:

> "Hath the primal, eldest curse upon it,
> A brother's murder."

These influences are abroad in the land to-day. We have not time to follow them up, but we warn you to be on your watch-towers ready for the foe. With the weapons of truth, the sword of the Spirit, and the Word of God, bring from your sacred armory the grand old doctrines that have been victorious upon so many hard-fought fields. We can yet hear the Saviour saying, "Rise, let us be going; lo, he that betrayeth Me is at hand." Let us stand true to this "Jesus who, holiest among the mighty, and mightiest among the holy, has, with that pierced hand of His, lifted the gates of empires off their hinges, has turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages."

CAIN'S REMORSE.

Ah, he is dead, and I am left alone,
  An outcast cursed, more wretched than the slain.
  Able is dead. Ah, would that it were Cain!
His image haunts me since the deed is done;
It gleams from every star, from every stone—
  Each stream, each dewdrop, thence reflects a stain
  And flings it back upon this burning brain;
And every breeze is burdened with a groan.
Night hath no veil; the waste, no solitude—
  From horror that's within 'tis vain to flee;
Guilt hath a thousand tongues that would intrude,
  A thousand vengeful sparks that cannot die.
Burn in, blaze out, ye furies of the mind,
Cain hath no rest; and there is none to find.

CHARLES WESLEY, THE MINSTREL OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. S. B. DUNN.

VIII.—THE BORROWED BULLION.

"'" It is wonderful to see how genius can borrow."
—*Charles Reade.*

"All literature lives by borrowing and lending. A good image is like a diamond, which may be set a hundred times in as many generations, and gain new beauties with every change."—*O. W. Holmes.*

"The lighting a candle at a neighbour's fire does not affect our property in the wick and flame."—*Dean Swift.*

THE world, it has been well said, has many echoes but few voices. Originality is not a common endowment of mind. It is rare even among those that have won distinction and eminence in letters. But we must claim it for our minstrel. He is more than a mere echo or sounding-board to other men's thoughts: he is a real and original voice. Having something of his own to say, he says it; that is, he sings it; and moulds it into forms all his own. His are no "pilfered lays"—no fabric of "splendid shreds" and "tinsel phrase" culled from others, like the work of those who gather and dispose of other men's stuff,

> "Then with mosaic art the piece combine,
> And boast the glitter of each dulcet line."

His verse is his autograph—the sign-manual of an original genius.

Still, few of our poets have borrowed more than he has done. His muse, like a main stream, is fed by many tributaries; and every sparkling rill is made to wash down its golden sands into the bright lake of his verse. His mind is eclectic. He does not hesitate to borrow even from Egyptians "jewels of silver, and jewels of gold," shaping them into vessels for the service of the sanctuary. And if few have borrowed more, few have borrowed better than he has done. He seldom borrows but he embellishes. His genius melts down the old bronze into new forms of beauty. If he borrows his bullion he mints it into rarer coins.

> "If from the modern or ancient store
> He borrows aught, he always pays them more."

Now it is this accumulation of sentiments and images gathered from successive literatures that has helped to fertilize our poet's genius, just as the deposit of drift and alluvium of unnumbered tides has fattened the dyke land of this continent. Nor is he any the less original on this account; for, "originality," as an eminent writer justly observes, "never works more fruitfully than in a soil rich and deep with the foliage of ages." Shakespeare is a striking illustration of this truth. His unrivalled originality at no other time appears so sovereign as when he borrows from the old chronicles and quickens them into a new and lovelier life. A true poetic mind, indeed, is a mirror receiving images rather than creating them, and then portraying them according to the strength of the impression. It is the very triumph of an original genius to receive these images, to catch the hues of its surroundings, or to embody its accretions of learning, and at the same time to preserve its own distinctive character. Now Charles Wesley has achieved this triumph. His muse, like the heliotrope, has drunk in sweetness from many flowers of literature blooming around him; but, like the heliotrope again, it has a sweetness that is his alone.

Now our great hymnists have never hesitated to indulge in this appropriation, or rather transfiguration of image and sentiment. Michael Angelo has the lines:

> "Sculpture and painting, rival arts,
> Ye can no longer soothe my breast;
> 'Tis love divine alone imparts
> The promise of a future rest;
> On that my steadfast soul relies—
> My trust the Cross, my hope the skies."

The last two lines are reproduced in the familiar couplet:

> "On this my steadfast soul relies,
> Father, Thy mercy never dies,"

in the hymn beginning: "Now I have found the ground wherein," translated by John Wesley from the German by John Andrew Rothe. A similar example occurs in Dr. Watts' image in the stanza beginning:

> "The opening heavens around me shine,"

which is borrowed from Gray's "Fragment on Vicissitude:"

"See the wretch that long has t st
On the thorny bed of pain ;
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again ;
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies
To him are opening paradise."

But turning to our author, his indebtedness to literature is apparent from almost every page. And it will be interesting to examine the crude ore that, when poured into the furnace of his mind, is fused and purified by the intense fervour of his genius and then moulded into other and original forms.

One of our minstrel's favourite authors was the "Roman Virgil," whose noble lines he could repeat with fluency in the original. "Come, I'll give you two hundred lines of Virgil," he once said to Henry Moore in conversation with him. He had the *Æneid* almost by heart. And this intimate acquaintance with the Mantuan Bard once stood him in good stead. The story is told how that on occasion Mrs. John Wesley had secured her long-suffering husband and his brother in a room whence they could not escape and was pouring forth the vials of her abuse upon their devoted head, as her custom was, when John stood demure and silent, as became him, but Charles bethought himself of his favourite Virgil and began repeating his stately measures, and succeeded at length in silencing the shrew. But apart from this use of Virgil, our poet in his verse gives evidence of having caught not a little of the fire and energy and stateliness of this prince of Latin singers.

Equally familiar is he with Young, whose "Night Thoughts" he could quote with remarkable facility. In an account that he gives of a terrible storm at sea when the captain of the vessel was suddenly washed overboard, our bard says: "I thought of those lines of Dr. Young:

"No warning given ! unceremonious death !
A sudden rush from life's meridian joys,
A plunge opaque beyond conjecture."

Speaking once of the "Night Thoughts," our author remarked: "No writings but the inspired are more useful to me." We are therefore prepared to find a good deal of Young's bullion worked

up in Wesley's currency. Who cannot trace the original of the lines:

"Terrible thought! shall I alone,—
Who may be saved?—shall I," etc.,

to Young—

"Thy wretched self alone
Cast on the left of all whom thou hast known
How would it wound!"

The couplet:

"Into a saint exalt a worm,
A worm exalt to God!"

recalls Young's sublime description of man, closing thus:

"An heir of glory, a frail air of dust!
Helpless immortal, insect infinite!
A worm! a god!"

But the most striking instance of all is the following: Young says:—

"Oh man immortal! hear the lofty style!
If so decreed, the Almighty will be done.
Let earth dissolve, yon pond'rous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust. The soul is safe.
The man emerges, mounts above the wreck,
As towering flame from Nature's funeral pyre;
O'er devastation as a gainer smiles;
His charter, his inviolable rights,
Well pleased to learn from thunder's impotence,
Death's pointless darts, and hell's defeated storms."

Now read Wesley's rendering of this sublime passage:

"Stand the omnipotent decree;
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan;
Let this earth dissolve and blend
In death the wicked and the just;
Let these pond'rous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.

Rests secure the righteous man!
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure to emerge and rise again,
And mount above the wreck;

Lo ! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flame o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire ! "

Some of Milton's gold, too, is minted by our bard. In "Paradise Lost" occur the lines :

" Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

Did not the sweet singer of Methodism have this passage in his mind when he penned the couplet :

" They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule this lower world."

"Samson Agonistes" utters the sad lament :

" O dark ! dark ! dark ! amid the blaze of noon ! "

Wesley expands and applies this image thus :

" A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel Thee near !
O dark, dark, dark, I still must say,
Amid the blaze of Gospel day."

Compare Wesley and Milton in the lines :

" With glorious clouds encompassed round,
Whom angels dimly see ;"

and—

" Who sittest above the heavens
To us invisible or dimly seen."

Milton's "Willing chains and sweet captivity," reappears in Wesley's

" Behold I sit
In willing chains before Thy feet."

Pope is also laid under contribution by our minstrel. In the passage where he describes the confession of Eloisa to Abelard, Pope speaks of

" Tears that delight and sighs that waft to heaven."

Wesley improves upon it where he sings of

" The tears that tell your sins forgiven ;
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven."

Addison lends a line:

"And guide me through the dreadful shade,"

in the familiar couplet:

"And cheer the souls of death afraid,
And guide them through the dreadful shade."

Mason's "Songs of Praise," 1682, contains the following:

"My sins have reached up to the skies;
But mercy these exceeds:
God's mercy is 'above the heavens,—
Above my simple deeds.'
My sins are many, like the stars,
Or sand upon the shore;
But yet the mercies of my God
Are infinitely more.
My sin in bigness do arise
Like mountains great and tall;
But mercy is above the skies," etc.

Is not this the original of Wesley's spirited stanza?

"Though my sins as mountains rise,
And swell and reach to heaven,
Mercy is above the skies,
I may be still forgiven;
Infinite my sins' increase,
But greater is Thy mercy's store;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more."

Prose writers no less than poets are made to supply metal to be transmuted by the alchemy of our minstrel's genius into gold. The noble and pious Monsieur de Renty, in his works, with which Charles Wesley was familiar, has the thought that it is the privilege of the soul to be reunited to God as its First Principle and its Last End. Now listen to Wesley's eloquent longing:

"Father, see this living clod,
This spark of heavenly fire;
See my soul, the breath of God,
Doth after God aspire:
Let it still to heaven ascend,
Till I my Principle rejoin,
Blended with my glorious End,
And lost in Love Divine."

In the preface to our author's "Short Scripture Hymns" is the following acknowledgment: "Many of the thoughts are borrowed from Mr. Henry's Comment, Dr. Gill on the Pentateuch and Bengelius on the New Testament."

Matthew Henry, in a comment referring to the fulness and sufficiency of God's mercy, says: "Enough for all, enough for each, enough forever;" to which Wesley adds a single syllable:

> "Enough for all, enough for each,
> Enough for ever*more*."

In fact, the entire hymn in which these lines occur is a versification of Henry's notes on Exodus xxxiv. 6, 7. In a note on Gen. ii. 21, the quaint old Nonconformist divine says: "The woman was made of a rib out of the side of Adam: not made out of his head, to top him; not out of his feet to be trampled upon by him; but out of his side to be equal with him; under his arm, to be protected; and near his heart to be beloved." And the following is Wesley's versification of the Commentator's note:

> "Not from his head was woman took,
> As made her husband to o'erlook;
> Not from his feet as one designed
> The footstool of the stronger kind;
> But fashioned for himself—a bride;
> An equal taken from his side:
>
> Her place intended to maintain;
> The mate and glory of the man;
> To rest as still beneath his arm,
> Protected by her lord from harm—
> And never from his heart removed,
> As only less than God beloved."

But the most elaborate instance of our author's skill in borrowing and embellishing is his poetic rendering of a passage in Dr. Brevint's "Christian Sacrament and Sacrifice:" "The Victim, having been offered up in the fulness of times, and in the midst of the world, which is Christ's great temple, and having been thence carried up into heaven, which is His sanctuary, from thence spread salvation all around, as the burnt-offering did its smoke . . . . when He offered up Himself upon earth, the vapour of His atonement went up and darkened the very sun;

and by rending the great veil, it clearly showed He had made a way into heaven. And since He has gone up, He sends down to earth the graces that spring continually both from His everlasting Sacrifice and from the continual intercession that attends it. So that we need not say: Who will go up into heaven? since without either ascending or descending, this sacred body of Jesus fills with atonement and blessings the remotest parts of this temple." The following is Wesley's hymn, being one of his 166 "Hymns on the Lord's Supper," published in 1745:

"Victim Divine, Thy grace we claim,
While thus Thy precious death we show:
Once offered up a spotless Lamb,
In Thy great temple here below;
Thou didst for all mankind atone,
And standest now before the throne.

Thou standest in the holy place,
As now for guilty sinners slain;
The blood of sprinkling speaks and prays,
All prevalent for helpless man;
Thy blood is still our ransom found,
And speaks salvation all around.

The smoke of Thy atonement here
Darkened the sun and rent the veil;
Made the new way to heaven appear,
And showed the great Invisible:
Well pleased in Thee our God looked down
And calls His rebels to a crown.

He still respects Thy Sacrifice;
Its savour sweet doth always please;
The offering smokes through earth and skies,
Diffusing life and joy and peace;
To these Thy lower courts it comes,
And fills them with Divine perfumes.

We need not now go up to heaven
To bring the long-sought Saviour down;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost even now Thy banquet crown;
To every faithful soul appear,
And show Thy real presence here."

Closely allied to this direct indebtedness to literature is an

occasional literary allusion. The couplet in our hymnist's "Primitive Christianity,"

> "Draw by the music of Thy name
> And charm into a beauteous frame,"

contains an allusion to the fabled Orpheus who, by the charms of his lyre, is said to have "subdued the wildness of savage beasts and held mountains and rivers and trees in subjection to the power of his music."

> "Show me the naked sword
> Impending o'er my head,"

is an allusion to Damocles who, assuming the sovereignty of Italy, was dazzled by the splendour and luxury of his position, until he perceived a naked sword suspended by a single hair over his head, when instantly his pride was sobered. It was a popular tradition among the Jews that the Almighty drew the soul of Moses out of his body on Pisgah by a kiss. Our minstrel has embodied this beautiful thought in the stanza:

> "Then when the work is done,
> The work of faith with power,
> Receive Thy favoured Son,
> In death's triumphant hour;
> Like Moses to Thyself convey,
> And kiss my raptured soul away."

ANNAPOLIS, N. S.

PARTING with friends is temporary death,
As all death is. We see no more their faces,
Nor here their voices, save in memory;
But messages of love give us assurance
That we are not forgotten. Who shall say
That from the world of spirits comes no greeting,
No message of remembrance? It may be
The thoughts that visit us, we know not whence,
Sudden as inspiration, are the whispers
Of disembodied spirits, speaking to us;
As friends who wait outside a prison wall,
Through the barred windows speak to those within.

—*Longfellow.*

THE HALF-BREED AND INDIAN INSURRECTION.

BY THE REV. JOHN M'LEAN,
Blood Reserve, Fort Macleod, Alberta.

THERE is an independent method of studying the Half-breed and Indian Question that will free us from the evils resulting from political prejudices and give us the true aspect of the whole matter. It is this method we shall pursue. Conversing some time ago with some Scotch half-breeds on the Riel rebellion, I learned more fully the true facts of the case. For some years the Scotch and French half-breeds in the Saskatchewan region have been agitating for the issue of land patents. Many of these men selected farm sites and by virtue of the "squatter's right" erected buildings and improved their farms. Petitions were prepared at different periods for the purpose of calling the attention of the Government to the necessity for granting their rights. The demands of the half-breeds were never distinctly refused, but they were indefinitely delayed. Many of these "squatters" became disgusted with their treatment by the representatives of the Government, and either sold their claims for a merely nominal value, or discarded their property and went to other parts of the North-West. Many of these have suffered for years on account of these grievances, and yet they are not amongst the insurrectionists. There are other minor burdens, but this is the source of all.

The immediate cause of the insurrection was the influence of the born agitator Riel. Professing a keen sympathy with the half-breeds in their trials, he spent over a year in devising his schemes, and in arousing the latent energies of the half-breed populace, to obtain their rights. He possessed a powerful influence amongst his own people, and there is no cause for surprise at his success. During his residence in Benton and other parts of Northern Montana, he was able to control the half-breed vote. His superior education, together with the prestige of his name, gave him pre-eminence, and the pain and poverty of the half-breed situation made them eager to accept any feasible means for deliverance. Revolt has taken place, and now there remains but one course to pursue. The rebellion having been suppressed, the leaders must be

severely punished, and all the just claims of the half-breeds speedily and fairly settled.

The most serious part of the whole matter has been the co-operation of the Indians. It has been the boast of all true Canadians that the fair fame of Canada has never been tarnished by an Indian war. There have been strange mutterings amongst the Indians for the past two years. There has arisen the inevitable murmuring at the progress of civilization. Formerly the Indian was a hero—free, independent and wealthy—now he is inferior to the white man, confined to a reservation, and depending on the Government for his food. He is being forced backward and kept down, and his people are suffering through the vices of the pale face.

The excitement of the hunting days is gone. Idle hands make sad hearts, and many of them pine away and die. They see their great men dying, and they feel that the day is not far distant when they too shall pass away. The more numerous the white population living in close proximity to the Indians, the more rapidly the decrease of the red man. The glorious days of Indian valour are speedily passing away, and the vanquished smart under the gentle rod of their Christian conquerors.

The policy of the Indian Department has been at fault, but not to such a degree as certain politicians would declare. Many mistakes have been made through inexperience or a lack of knowledge. It is unjust to ascribe all the mistakes to the perverseness of one or two individuals, even though strong assertions may be sustained by the voice of the people. The good done by the Department seems to be lost sight of at the present time, as the evils arising from many causes are especially being ferreted out. Perfection in any system is not gained in a day. By the assistance of the Department, the Indians have made progress in agriculture. Men who in former years regarded labour as degrading have now learned to toil. Schools have been established and satisfactory progress made in education. The physical and mental well-being of the Indian has been attended to, with a good measure of success.

The causes of the prevailing discontent amongst the Indians are legion. Some of the men employed by the Department on the reservations have been granted their positions through political influence, even though they have been utterly incompetent for

the respective duties of their office. They receive good salaries, and yet the Indians derive very little benefit from their services. Promises have been made to the Indians by Government officials that have never been kept. The Department has professed to give these people food enough to sustain them, yet at different times the rations have been cut down. They have been told that they were to remain on their reservations, but it was impossible for them to do so on their daily allowance. Since the half-breed outbreak some of them have had their supplies increased. A little judgment used in a proper distribution of food would help materially in allaying any angry feelings that may exist.

The Indians have had to suffer seriously at times, through not submitting to some pet scheme of a Department official. Coercive measures have been employed but have failed. There is no encouragement given to those who toil, as the loungers and workers are fed alike. Some of the chiefs are only learning the true nature of the treaties made in the years gone by. These causes do not all apply to one tribe, but they are given as veritable facts known to the writer to have been done on several reservations visited by him during the past five years. There does not exist a general feeling of disloyalty among the Indian tribes, but some have been induced by the solicitations of the half-breeds to join in the revolt, and a few have committed illegal acts with the hope of plunder. Hard has been the lot of some during the past two years, and as they have shared in the general excitement, they have raided farms and stores in expectation of enjoying a feast. We should not wonder if some of the young men who have never gained their laurels in an Indian battle went out on the warpath to steal horses and commit other depredations. They have listened to the recital of the heroic deeds of their fathers, and they were desirous of following in the same old path. The Indian leaders in the revolt have ever been troublesome. The Indian Department and the various missionary societies have accomplished much good, but both kinds of organizations have fallen short of ultimate success through ignorance and a too narrow financial policy. The one true remedy for the existing dissatisfaction lies in the instituting of an Indian Council for the purpose of hearing the Indians' grievances, and the appointing of men of principle and courage as a committee to see that they receive their due. Let there be an Indian District Council held annually

in each district, consisting of the agents, farm instructors, missionaries and teachers, also the chiefs recognized by Government, from the reservations comprised in the district. Let there be an Indian Territorial or Provincial Assembly held annually at Regina or Winnipeg, the members of which consist of delegates sent from the District Councils and the Department officials of Regina. The district representatives would be able to state the "progress and poverty" of the respective tribes in their districts and to present the resolutions of the Councils respecting matters affecting the interests of the Indians. By this means the secret dealings of "cliques," "rings," and "officious individuals" would soon be at an end.

Competent men should be sent for every branch of the Department, selected by merit and not through political influence. The Indians have been encouraged in their farming operations, but they have had no market for their produce, and consequently many of them have been cheated by rascally white men, and are thereby disheartened. There should be an Indian Bureau which should attend to these and other matters. Let the Government buy the Indians' produce or open some kind of market for them.

To help the Indians more effectively in reaching the point when they can become self-supporting, a few ideas may be briefly given. To encourage the Indian farmers and their wives, prizes might be given annually for the best crops and neatest gardens, and for the most comfortable and cleanest homes. Only those who work should receive their full daily allowance of food. Married men possessing ability and principle should be sent as farm instructors. If possible all the farm labourers and men employed on the reservations should be married men, and the situations should be given chiefly, if not altogether, to men of sterling Christian character. Give the Indians cattle in exchange for their horses. Buy their guns, and stop supplying them with ammunition. Furnish them with enough food that they will not be tempted to go to towns and settlements to make money. It is a sad thing to say that the nearer a reservation is to a town the more immoral the Indians become, and the harder the work for the missionary. Let the Government put a stop to polygamy, gambling, and the selling of women to white men. If these men wish Indian wives, let them marry them. Sell part of the reservations, with the Indians' consent, and put the proceeds into a

fund, the interest to be given annually to the members of each tribe or to be used in erecting substantial buildings for them. It has been assumed that all Indians can and will be farmers. Now there are many of them who have preferences for a trade, and are handy in using tools, and some means should be devised for cultivating the talents of these adult labourers. True, there are three Industrial Schools, but they are not sufficient for all the work. Adult Manual Labour Schools are a necessity, if we would effectively cope with all the difficulties of the Indian question.

In closing this article, let me make a statement and ask a question. There are three Indian Industrial Schools established in the North-West by the Government: one at Battleford, under the supervision of the English Church; another at Qu'Appelle, and the third at High River, thirty miles from Calgary, both of these under the care of the Roman Catholic Church. Is there justice in placing two of these schools under the jurisdiction of the Roman Catholics, and one only assigned to the Protestants? Give to the Catholics and Protestants equal rights, especially in a new country, and this would imply another Industrial School for those who in the past few years have been less favoured by the politicians and fathers of the State.

THEY SHALL SEE GOD.

BY REV. H. BURTON.

THE stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at close of day,
And saints die gently when they pass away.

The changing seasons, ever coming, going,
Like four evangelists, His praise record;
Nature herself is but a verger, showing
The silent, glorious temple of the Lord.

And when the heavenly life on earth is ended,
And Christ shall touch the lingering film away,
When He shall come, by angel guards attended,
"They shall see God" through one eternal day.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

IN PERFECT PEACE.

LIKE strains of music, soft and low,
That breaks upon a troubled sleep,
I hear the promise, old yet new,
God will His faithful children keep
"In perfect peace."

From out the thoughtless, wreck-strewn past,
From unknown years that silent wait,
Amid earth's wild regret there comes
The promise with its precious freight,
"In perfect peace."

Amid the clash of party strife,
The surge of life's unresting sea:
Through sobs of pain and songs of mirth,
Through hours of toil it floats to me,
"In perfect peace."

It quiets all the restless doubts,
The nameless fears that throng the soul;
It speaks of love unchanging, sure,
And evermore its echoes roll
"In perfect peace."

"In perfect peace?" O loving Christ
When falls Death's twilight gray and cold,
And flowers of earth shall droop and fade,
Keep Thou Thy children, as of old,
"In perfect peace."

And through the glad eternal years,
Beyond the scorn and blame of men,
The hearts that served Thee here may know
The rest that passeth human ken,
Thy perfect peace.

Christian Advocate.

INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

The power of God doth brightly shine in the creation, the wisdom of God may clearly be discerned in the government of things; but the incarnation of God is that work, is that dispensation of grace, wherein the Divine goodness doth most conspicuously

display itself. How, indeed, possibly could God have demonstrated a greater excess of kindness toward us, than by thus, for our sake and good, sending His dearest Son out of His bosom into this sordid and servile state, subjecting Him to all the infirmities of our frail nature, exposing Him to the worst inconveniences of our low condition? What expressions can signify, what comparisons can set out, the stupendous vastness of this kindness? Psalm xxxvi. 6; cviii. 4. If we should imagine that a great prince should put his only son (a son most lovely, and worthily most beloved) into rags, should dismiss him from his court, should yield him up into the hardest slavery, merely to the intent that he thereby might redeem from captivity the meanest and basest of his subjects, how faint a resemblance would this be of that immense goodness, of that incomparable mercy, which in this instance the King of all the world hath declared toward us His poor vassals, His indeed unworthy rebels! —*Dr. Isaac Barrow.*

Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness is a Christian duty; moroseness, dulness, gloominess is false and wrong and cruel as they are unchristian. Cheerfulness arises from various causes: from health, but it is not dependent upon health; from good fortune, but it does not arise solely from that; from honour and position and a tickled pride and vanity, but it is quite independent of these. The truth is, it is a brave habit of the mind—a prime proof of wisdom—capable of being acquired, and of the very greatest value. A cheerful man is pre-eminently a useful man. He does not "cramp his mind, nor take half views of men and things." He knows that there is much misery, but that misery is not the rule of life. He sees that in every state people may be cheerful; the lambs skip, the birds sing and fly joyously, puppies play, kittens are full of joyance, the whole air full of careering and rejoicing insects, that everywhere the good outbalances the bad, and that every evil that there is has its compensating balm. Then the brave man, as our German cousins say, possesses the world, whereas the melancholy man does not possess his own share of it. Exercise, or continued employment of some kind, will make a man cheerful; but sitting at home brooding and thinking, or doing little will bring gloom. The reaction of this feeling is wonderful. It arises from a

sense of duty done, and it also enables us to do our duty. Cheerful people live long in our memory. We remember joy more readily than sorrow, and always look back with tenderness upon the brave and cheerful. We can all cultivate our tempers, and one of the employments of some poor mortals is to cultivate, cherish, and bring to perfection a thoroughly bad one; but we may be certain that to do so is a very gross error and sin, which, like all others, brings its own punishment, though unfortunately it does not punish itself only. If he "to whom God is pleasant is pleasant to God," the reverse also holds good; and certainly the major proposition is true with regard to man. "Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness! altogether past calculation the power of its endurance! Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright." Such a spirit is within everybody's reach. Let us get but out into the light of things. The morbid man cries out that there is always enough wrong in the world to make a man miserable. Conceded; but wrong is ever being righted; there is always enough that is good and right to make us joyful. There is even sunshine somewhere; and the brave man will go on his way rejoicing, content to look forward, if under a cloud, not bating one jot of heart or hope, if for a moment cast down; honouring his occupation, whatever it may be; rendering even rags respectable by the way he wears them; and not only being happy himself, but causing the happiness of others.—*Gentle Life.*

Immortality.

The contemplation of this superior life inspires, too, the noblest culture of character. If we are to be associated forever with pure holiness on high, we must cherish in ourselves, through God's truth, and by His gracious help in the Spirit and through His Son, the character by which we shall fit ourselves for that great and beautiful fellowship, that illustrious society. Nothing is more painful to a sensitive spirit than to be associated with those of a governing temper with which it is not congenial. Put the gross-minded person with the spiritually-minded, and he recoils from contact with him. If you keep him there, you have doomed him to a terrible fate, unless his spirit is changed. The same sunshine which nourishes the flower as it bends upon its

fragile stem, which paints the picture on the prepared plate, falling upon the diseased eye gives it intolerable torture, and falling upon the enfeebled brain blasts it with death. Character, therefore, when it is inharmonous with our own, no matter how lofty and pure it is—all the more as it is lofty and pure—becomes to us a sharp condemnation until we are in sympathy with it. But if we feel ourselves related to this moral and personal life, glorious, transcendent in the heavens, there is an impulse exerted on our spirits leading us to fit ourselves for that communion and fellowship, that we may not feel any disharmony between our souls and those of martyrs, apostles, confessors, and sainted ones who have gone through sorrow into triumph and immortal life. I can conceive of no force greater than this to exalt human character. As the sunshine of the morning lifts the mists and reveals the landscape, and clothes it with a mantle of beauty, making the very rock burst into life and surround itself with verdure, so this influence from above, from the celestial realms which we have not reached, but toward which we are tending, and the gates of which Christ opens to us, disperses from the spirit what is malefic or obscure, and prints a new and vital beauty on it all.

The painter who paints his picture of a saint places an aureole of gold about his head with a swing of his brush; but the true aureole around the earthly saint is woven of fiery experience that turns to gold through the blessed touch of God. If we would have this vision of life, we must gain it through submission and strong endeavour to do great work for God. Then there will come to us those high, illuminated moments, in which we shall see the heavens above us, as we sometimes catch a glimpse of a beautiful scene through a rift in the fog, or as, in a cloudy night, we see the constellations when the wind has swept the clouds aside. Such are these high, illuminated moments in which the writer of this epistle was standing, in which the illustrious workers in the cause of Christ have been standing ever since. These, when we reach them, will give direction and impulse to whatever is best in our aspiration. They will be prophetic of that immortal life in those realms above with which, blessed be God's name, through His Son and by His Spirit we are vitally connected, and in which we are to pass when we step beyond the limit of life on earth. Not into the dark of death—

O, no; that is the heathen's fear!—into the celestial realms we are to pass, if we are Christ's. We shall hear the voices of heavenly hosts; we shall hear heavenly bells chiming as we enter in; we shall catch the echo of seraphic song; we shall meet our friends, perhaps the little child that went away from us will come out to meet us; we shall see the Master and the disciples, and with them we shall be for evermore.—*Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs.*

Stand Fast in the Lord.

It is a curious fact that there is such a thing as being proud of grace. A man says: "I have great faith, I shall not fall; poor little faith may, but I never shall." "I have fervent love," says another, "I can stand; there is no danger of my going astray." He who boasts of grace has little grace to boast of. Some who do this imagine that their graces can keep them, knowing not that the stream must flow constantly from the fountain-head, or else the brook will soon be dry. If a continuous stream of oil comes not to the lamp, though it burn brightly to-day, it will smoke to-morrow, and noxious will be its scent.

Take heed that thou gloriest not in thy graces, but let thy glorying and confidence be in Christ and His strength, for only so canst thou be kept from falling. Be much more in prayer. Spend longer time in holy adoration. Read the Scriptures more earnestly and constantly. Watch your lives more carefully. Live nearer to God. Take the best examples for your pattern. Let your conversation be redolent of heaven. Let your hearts be perfumed with affection for the souls of men. So live that men may take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus, and have learned of Him. And when that happy day shall come, when He whom you love shall say, "Come up higher," may it be your happiness to hear Him say, "Thou hast fought a good fight, thou hast finished thy course, and henceforth there is laid up for thee a crown of righteousness which fadeth not away." On, Christian, with care and caution! On, with holy fear and trembling! On, with faith and confidence in Jesus alone, and let your constant petition be, "Uphold me according to Thy word." He is able, and He alone, "to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding great joy." Let your daily prayer be, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe."—*Spurgeon.*

AN INSTITUTION FOR PREPARING MISSIONARIES FOR FOREIGN FIELDS.

BY THE REV. NELSON BURNS, B.A.

BUT few are aware that there is in our midst a faith venture of this kind. Mrs. W. B. Osborn, of Wesley Park, Niagara Falls, when addressing a Toronto audience at the late Conference, alluded to it, and no doubt awakened more than a passing interest in the breasts of not a few who heard her. Being acquainted with the undertaking from its inception, we propose to give to the readers of this MAGAZINE a short account of it.

In faith enterprises, as a rule, everything at first clusters around some one central figure. It is so in Muler's Orphanage at Bristol, England, in Dr. Cullis' Home for Consumptives, and in Bishop Taylor's self-supporting mission work. Mrs. Osborn has had a history somewhat remarkable, but which must be known to understand her present work. Once in her life she was far gone in consumption, but the conviction taking possession of her that God had some work for her to do ere she went to her heavenly home, she asked in confidence for health, and according to her faith it was done unto her. She completely recovered from this illness, although pronounced by Dr. Cullis, of Boston, her physician, as past cure.

Again she was stricken down by a severe disease, and again her life was despaired of. This time it was Dr. Cullis who prayed for her recovery, and, contrary to her own expectation, she was healed of her desperate ailment. She then attached herself to Dr. Cullis' faith work, in which she became very enthusiastic, contributing towards it all the money she possessed, a few hundred dollars—all her living.

Presently she believed she had a call to go to India as a missionary. As she could not get there through any missionary society, she became a missionary society for herself, and was, with great unanimity of the Board of one, sent out to labour amongst the natives of India. There she had great success, learning to preach to the natives in two different languages, and not without results in winning souls from heathenish darkness into the light of the Gospel. But although raised from the very border-land of the grave twice in answer to the prayer of faith, her health broke down before the climate of the East and she was forced to return home. But so soon as her health was established she returned to her loved missionary work. Again her health failed her, and it became an established fact, according to physicians, that she could endure the climate of India for only a short time without fatal effects.

The question has been often asked by her friends how it was that her life could be preserved against the most destructive forms of sickness in this country, and yet not be proof against the heat of the tropics. This we believe has been a mystery alike to herself and her friends. But we incline to the opinion that the problem is being solved in her present work. In one sense her previous experiences have been but a preparation for her real mission, that of founding an institution where intending missionaries may be prepared in this country for evangelistic labours amongst the heathen.

As it now is, our missionaries have to spend the first year or two after landing in learning the language of the natives whom they are to serve. How much better for all parties concerned to have this preliminary work done at home, not only on the score of expense but also of comfort.

Mrs. Osborn feels herself called with vivid distinctness to this special work, and at once, as in former

years, she sprang eagerly forward at the command of the Master to labours abundant in India, so now, although backed by no money endowment or overflowing purse, she has commenced, in simple faith that all money needs will be met by Him who issues the command to go forward. Already she has four young ladies with her preparing for foreign missionary work—the nucleus of what, we expect, will be a mighty host of consecrated missionaries to the heathen.

As we believe the whole matter is of Divine appointment, we have as much confidence in its success and development as if it were backed by wealth untold.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

Rev. D. D. Whedon, LL.D.

The death of this veteran scholar and author removes one of the most notable figures of American Methodism. Although for years the life of Dr. Whedon has been almost that of a recluse, yet few men so largely moulded current thought. His vigorous mind kept him abreast of the great movements of the age, and his vigorous pen kept a host of attentive readers—disciples they might almost be called—informed more fully than they could otherwise be on these great movements and on their intellectual and moral significance. A physical infirmity, his almost total deafness, deprived him of much of the pleasure of social intercourse and public worship. It was quite hard work trying to keep up a conversation through his silver ear-trumpet. The present writer is under great obligation to Dr. Whedon for much kindness shown in promoting certain literary projects. We have a sheaf of his letters of great personal interest.

One feature we especially admired in Dr. Whedon, his receptivity of mind. He did not, as do many, pronounce against new theories simply because they are new. When the doctrines of evolution and natural selection were almost everywhere spoken against, he rereserved his decision, discussed calmly the evidence, and in an open-minded and liberal manner held the balance in equipoise, till the weight of testimony could be adjudicated. He was the most brilliant reviewer we ever read. He gave not merely his opinion of the book under discussion, but enabled one also to apprehend the author's argument and point of view. The volumes of the *Quarterly*, issued under his editorship, trace the progress of mental, moral, and physical science as does no other Review which we know. In his Commentary on the New Testament he has erected a monument more lasting than brass of fine biblical scholarship and exegetical skill. It is by far the best Arminian commentary extant.

The Conferences.

The presence of our lay brethren added much to the interest and debating talent of the Conferences. Many of these brethren have had much experience in municipal and other public bodies, and bring much business talent to the discussion of Conference topics. For the most part they waste no time on preliminaries, but go right at the heart of the subject, and express their opinions with force, and clearness, and brevity. It is of great advantage to obtain the intelligent interest and co-operation of so many liberal-minded and large-hearted laymen in our Church work. We realize more and more that this is not exclusively the work of the ministers, but that therein "all we be brethren." It is, however, a disadvantageous that many are not ac-

quainted personally with the laymen as we are, for the most part, with the ministers; and in many cases the whole period of the Conference is gone before that personal acquaintance is made. We think that there should be more opportunity for social intercourse and for getting acquainted. We think that the first evening of the Conference, or the evening before, might with advantage be set apart for that purpose. Such a meeting, where everyone could do his own speech-making, would be an agreeable exchange for one of the many anniversaries, with its long programme of speeches, after a long day of Conference work.

The New Preacher.

In several hundreds of instances, during the month of July, the new preacher has taken his place on the new circuit or station. It is marvellous that with so little friction these manifold adjustments are made. It is not without a wrench—in many cases an almost dislocating wrench—that the minister and family are transplanted from a soil where all the fibres of their being have taken deep root, to a new and strange community. But such is the wonderful adaptability of Methodist usages, that in a few weeks the fibres have again struck root almost as if no such transplanting had taken place. The system of meeting the classes gives the pastor an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with his new flock in a very short time. In many circuits parsonages are being so well furnished that the amount of necessary removing is reduced to a *minimum*. But there is always a quantity of personal belongings to every household, the removal of which is a very severe task, especially coming as it does in the very hottest season of the year. It is the only time that a man finds that he owns too much. Much may be done to make these removals as little onerous as possible, and to give the new preacher a warm welcome to his new home. It is hard enough at the best, when the sensibilities are lacerated and bleeding at the sudden transition from an old circuit to a new one, to pass the ordeal of criticism and curiosity, and the questioning in every mind—"Will he do?" But, as Bro. Stafford wittily remarked at the reception tendered him at the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, you can never tell fully whether the new preacher will *do* or not till he is *done*—till he has fulfilled his ministry. These receptions are admirable opportunities for the people becoming acquainted with the pastor, so that although he may not be able to recognize them at sight they may feel that they already know him and address him whenever they meet. Whenever it is practicable, the welcome reception to the new preacher should be also a farewell to the old one. No one can more fittingly introduce the members to the new pastor than he who is now surrendering his charge of them, and an opportunity is thus afforded of an affectionate leave-taking of an old, true and tried friend, at the same time that a new and untried one is received.

A Year of Grace.

Dr. Sutherland remarked at the Toronto Conference that he doubted if ever, in the annals of Methodism in any land or at any time, a more remarkable ingathering of souls was recorded than during the Conference year just closed. An increase of over 20,000, after making up for all the losses by deaths, removals, suspensions and the like, is something for which to be devoutly thankful. It represents an increase of considerably over ten per cent. of the entire membership. At this rate the Church would more than double in membership within a single decade. And why not? The same infinite resources of divine grace are available in the future as during the past—the susceptibilities and needs of the human heart are still the same. "Let Zion arise and shine, the glory of the Lord being risen upon her." The fields wave white unto the harvest on every side. Ever new generations are coming on the field of being to be discipled for Christ, and wide

doors of opportunity are being opened in many lands.

It is, we think, no fanaticism to regard this unprecedented year of grace as the seal of the Divine approval on the union of Canadian Methodism. The removal of causes of estrangement and strife and petty jealousy, the substitution of brotherly love and Christian co-operation, finds its natural result in this remarkable ingathering of souls. It is noteworthy that the year following the previous union with the New Connexion Church was signalized by an addition of over 8,000 members to the united Church. Such gracious results, with the increased resources which shall flow therefrom, will go far to remove any temporary difficulty felt from the overcrowding of the ranks of the ministry. Indeed, that difficulty has already largely disappeared, and in our magnificent territory in the North-West there is already an earnest demand for more labourers for the harvest.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Toronto Conference.

This Conference was held in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, on June 11th and following days. The opening prayer-meeting was a season of spiritual profit. The Rev. Wm. Briggs was elected President on the first ballot. The Rev. J. F. German, M.A., was elected Secretary. The routine business was conducted with great despatch. A fine spirit pervaded all the debates. We cannot recall a single harsh expression. Some were a little dissatisfied about so many brethren having to be billeted at hotels, and disapproved of the plan adopted requiring a small amount to be contributed by each member of Conference towards defraying the expense of billeting. Such a plan seems to be inevitable.

The service held to commemorate the faithful dead was a solemn season. At this our readers will not wonder, as obituaries were read respecting the following distinguished brethren—Revs. S. D. Rice, D.D., senior General Superintendent, J. Carroll, D.D., E. Clement, I. Gold, and J. Lynch.

The question which excited the most lengthy debate was the federation of the colleges. More than a day was thus occupied. It is not perhaps saying too much that Dr. Nelles, Dr. Sutherland, and Dr. Dewart never delivered more able and eloquent speeches than on this occasion. Of course others took part, but the three brethren named were the most conspicuous and were really leaders on the question.

The Rev. Dr. Stone, Associate Editor, gave the President a memorandum which he had compiled from statistics received at the *Guardian* office, showing that the increase in membership of the seven Western Conferences exceeded 18,000. This was most delightful intelligence, after receiving which the Conference joined in singing the Doxology.

All the funds were reported in advance except one. The plan of assessment to meet the claims of superannuated ministers and widows had been so successful that those worthy recipients will be paid in full this year. The large grant appropriated by the Book Committee from the profits of the Publishing House has greatly aided the treasurer to accomplish this desirable object, but with such a constituency as the Methodist Church, the receipts of the Book-Room should be vastly increased, then those veterans who have served the Church so long

and so well could be made more comfortable in the days of their retirement from active toil.

It is very gratifying, especially to those who advocated the unification of Methodism, that the success of the first year of that movement has been so great. Of course some are still dissatisfied, and no doubt there have been cases of extreme suffering both among the ministers and trustees of embarrassed churches, but it is pleasing to know that the special collection greatly relieved the former, and we are sure our rich and generous laity will not allow their brethren of the trust boards to suffer. The surplus of ministers is not so great as last year, though a few remain without appointments at their own request.

The anniversary meetings of the Conference were among the best we remember to have attended. The Temperance meeting was the most enthusiastic. In addition to the members of the Conference who took part in the service, the Hon. J. B. Finch was also present and delivered a stirring address. The Educational meeting was as good a presentation of the subject as could be given. The Reception service was as usual one of the most delightful and impressive. Among those received into full connexion was a Japanese brother, who will be ordained in Japan. The addresses of the Revs. E. Roberts, Dr. Dewart, Dr. Sutherland, and the President, were well suited to the important occasion.

There were two Missionary meetings, one of which was under the auspices of the Woman's Missionary Society; at the latter Mrs. Osborn formerly a labourer in India, delivered an earnest and practical address on Woman's Work in that country. Rev. C. S. Eby, M.A., who is at present enjoying a short furlough from Japan, addressed both meetings with great acceptability. The Sunday-school meeting came last, and it was gratifying to find that the interest in the Sunday-school work was not in the least decreased. In the Dominion of Canada there are more Methodist Sunday-schools than all the other Protestant denominations together.

The Sabbath services were seasons of refreshing. The love-feast at nine o'clock, conducted by the Rev. M. Fawcett, was a feast of fat things. Drs. Sutherland and Douglas occupied the pulpit morning and evening respectively. More need not be said.

Manitoba Conference.

This, the youngest of the Conferences, met in Winnipeg at the same date as the Toronto Conference. The attendance was good considering the unsettled state of the North-West Territories. Dr. Williams, one of the General Superintendents, was present at all the sessions and presided alternately with the President, and rendered valuable help both by his counsels in the discussions and in the public services. The Rev. James Woodsworth was elected President, and the Rev. A. Stewart, B.D., Secretary.

There was an increase in the membership of the Church reported at 1,286. There was also an increase of 13 Sunday-schools, and 515 scholars.

The brethren of this Conference have had many peculiar difficulties to contend against, but they are hopeful respecting the future. Two new missions were ordered to be appointed, and with a view to secure better intellectual advantages for the rising ministry steps were taken to establish an institution of a literary character for the probationers for the ministry. The ministerial staff is not adequate for the work of the Conference; no less than twelve places have been left unoccupied. The General Superintendent has made an earnest appeal to the young men of Ontario for volunteers to engage in the mission work of Manitoba Conference.

The report of the Committee on the state of the work contained many interesting incidents, among others, the translation of the Gospels by Bro. J. Maclean, and the success which has attended the McDougall

Orphanage. The brethren earnestly appeal for increased attention to be paid to the Indian missions, and express the hope that the late rebellion will not excite prejudice against the poor redman of the forest. It should rather increase the interest taken in Indian missions, seeing that no Indian connected with our missions was known to be identified with that movement.

There was one solemn event in connection with Manitoba Conference, which sounds the warning voice, "Be ye also ready." Mr. W. Ward Manning, of Winnipeg, was a lay-delegate at the Conference, and attended some of the earlier sessions but was taken sick and died before the Conference closed. All the members of the Conference, clerical and lay, attended the funeral in a body.

A review of the proceedings of the Western Conferences, mentioned in our last and the present number, suggest many useful lessons. No less than fifteen brethren have laid down their armour and entered into rest.

All must be gratified at one feature of our Conferences, the unmistakable testimony on the Temperance question. Here all were a unit. The action of the Senate in mutilating the Scott Act was severely condemned, while the inculcating of temperance principles in our Sunday-schools warrants the hope that the young people will grow up to be a sober portion of the community, not even contaminated with the fumes of tobacco.

The outlook of Methodism is favourable, and justifies the hope that with the Divine blessing the future will be as the past, but much more abundant in results that will redound to the glory of the world's Redeemer. The protracted visit of one General Superintendent to Manitoba, and of another to the Maritime Provinces, and of the Missionary Secretary to British Columbia will greatly encourage our brethren in those distant fields, and give the Church generally a more correct and extensive view of the grandeur of the work assigned to Methodism in Canada. The Conferences in the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland will be noticed next month.

English Conferences.

The Methodist New Connexion, which was the 89th Conference of the denomination, was held in the cotton metropolis of England, Manchester. It was the ninth time the Conference had met in this famous city. The Rev. A. McCurdy was elected President. Rev. T. Addyman, once a labourer in Canada, was elected Secretary. Great interest was felt at this Conference in the presence of the Rev. John Innocent, who for 25 years has been a missionary in China, and now visits his native land for the first time. He has had a difficult but successful career in China, where now he has 1,300 adherents, 60 preaching stations, two medical halls, with medical missionaries, training schools and college, and a large staff of native helpers and preachers. He has been honoured by the Connexion which has entrusted him with about $350,000. In a year hence he intends to return to China.

Three distinguished ministers died during the year, one of whom was Dr. William Cooke, another was Secretary of Conference. One minister, the Rev. Samuel Hulme, has been in the itinerancy 57 years, and is now engaged writing the biography of Dr. Cooke.

The Missionary Anniversaries in England are seasons of great interest, especially in such cities as Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, etc. At the late anniversary at Manchester, the Rev. M. E. Osborn said that in Western Africa a system of furloughs had been introduced whereby the term of missionary labour had greatly extended. Special missions had been undertaken which involved great expense, and nearly simultaneously with these undertakings a gentleman had died and left $100,000 to the society.

Miss Webb, a teacher of the Wesleyan Mission, Transvaal, was recently drowned while crossing the Crocodile river. Without warning a wall of water suddenly came down

upon them and in a moment the post-cart and six horses, with passengers and drivers, were carried away.

Revival missions in England, conducted by the Rev. Thomas Cook, are reported as having been unusually successful this year: 648 conversions were reported at Walsall, and 230 at Oxford.

The Home Missionary meeting was one of great power; $5,000 are donated to Irish Methodism.

The jubilee of the Wesleyan missions in West Africa has been celebrated by various services at which contributions were presented amounting to several hundred pounds. At one service conducted by the Rev. T. B. Freeman, there were between 2,000 and 3,000 native Christians. The sight was a deeply affecting one, as the venerable minister, now nearly 80 years of age, well remembered the time when there were not one dozen members in the locality.

Primitive Methodist Conference.

This Conference met at Reading, Berkshire. The membership of this body now numbers 192,389. In 1810, the first class, consisting of 10 members, was formed. Rev. George Lamb, the retiring President, has completed the 56th year of his ministry, and though he is 76 years of age, he still remains in the active work. He has spent more than 40 years in London and Hull.

The Book-Room conducts a large and lucrative business. In three years it has actually devoted from its profits no less than $51,160 to the superannuation funds, or $17,053 per year.

The missions are eminently prosperous. Two missionaries have been sent to the Australasian colonies and two others to Western Africa. A debt of more than $20,000 has just been extinguished.

The Irish Wesleyan Conference.

Twelve probationers were contiued on trial, and six candidates were accepted. The Conference employs three of its members as evangelists or travelling missionaries. The net increase in the membership is only 105, though more than 2,000 members had been received during the year.

Lack of space excludes other items of interest.

Theological Union.

The Theological Union formed a few years ago in connection with the theological department of Victoria University bears good fruit. In addition to the course of lectures delivered to the students, and the sermon and lecture delivered during Convocation week, all of which are published and are valuable additions to our theological literature, the several annual Conferences, both east and west, have their branch societies in connection with which a sermon or a lecture or both are delivered.

This year the lecture before the Toronto Conference was delivered in connection with one of the sessions. The lecturer, the Rev. E. B. Harper, D.D., chose for his theme "Views on Inspiration." It was a scholarly, concise summary, which gave evidence of great research, creditable to the author. At the Niagara Conference, the Rev. Dr. Burns was the lecturer, whose subject was "Inspiration." The writer is informed that it was a very elaborate and able production, and occupied two hours in the delivery. Of other Conference lectures we have not heard.

The Baptist Union recently held its annual meeting in Toronto. There was a large attendance of delegates from the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, and Manitoba and visitors from the Maritime Provinces. The Foreign Missions of the Church were carefully reviewed. The mission among the Telugus in India had been very successful. A seminary was supported among the Telugus, which is one of the most important sources of strength to the mission. Our Baptist friends are worthy of congratulation for the position they occupy in respect to missions and education.

BOOK NOTICES.

Current Discussions in Theology. By Professors BOARDMAN, CURTISS, and SCOTT, of Chicago Theological Seminary. Vols. I. and II., pp. 211 and 324. Chicago: F. H. Revell. Price, Vol. I., $1; Vol. II., $1.50.

It was a very happy thought of the above-mentioned Professors of Chicago Theological Seminary to prepare an Annual Review which should give a concise digest of the most important current contributions in exegetical, historical, systematic and practical theology. Only men thoroughly masters of the copious literature of the subject could undertake this task. In undertaking and accomplishing it as they have done, they have laid the entire body of students of theology—and that term, we hope, includes many thoughtful laymen as well as ministers—under great obligation. The first volume discusses the present state of Old Testament studies, the relations of science to the Biblical record, and chapters on the canon and text of the Old Testament. It devotes also sections to historic theology, and to a discussion of the present theological tendencies, and the influences producing them. Of special value is the examination of Dorner's system of Christian doctrine.

The second volume treats at length the history of Israel in the light of the most recent investigations, and gives a brief yet comprehensive survey of the present state of New Testament studies. It discusses also the most recent history of doctrine and the current doctrinal drift in Germany, including the new rationalistic theories of the so-called liberal theologians. Of still more practical value are the chapters on current preaching—its matter, manner, tendencies, conditions of power, etc., and on the present aspects of church work—the social principle, woman's work, the press, the Sunday-school, etc. From this brief outline it will be apparent how important is the scope of these volumes. It only remains to say that in our judgment the comprehensive design thus undertaken has been accomplished with a remarkable degree of success. Nowhere else that we know, can the student of this "science of sciences" obtain such valuable aid in keeping abreast of its most recent developments.

The Women of the Reformation. By Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER. 8vo., pp. 466, illustrated. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.

Woman's hand has had much to do with planting the seed and nourishing the growth of the Protestant Reformation. While separate memoirs of the more illustrious of those friends of the Reformers have appeared, we know of no volume in which such a graceful tribute is paid to so many of those "elect ladies" and heroic souls as the one under notice. Mrs Wittenmyer who has shown herself a leader of reform in the nineteenth century, writes in a spirit of profound sympathy with the brave women of the sixteenth century who confronted with the might of their womanhood the colossal and almost omnipotent despotism of Rome. Among the leaders of this great reform here treated are: the queen of Richard II., Marguerite of Valois, Renee, daughter of Louis XII., the queen of Navarre, Louise de Coligny, Anne Boleyn, Catherine Parr, Lady Jane Grey, Queen Elizabeth, Catherine Von Bora, wife of Luther, Elizabeth of Branderberg, Elizabeth Knox, Lady Margaret Douglas, the ancestress of our own Marquis of Lorne, and others. We hope that many Canadian women will become familiar by the study of these pages with the heroic women of the Reformation, the mothers of heroic men.

Siam and Laos, as Seen by Our American Missionaries. Fully illustrated. Pp. 552. Price $1.85. Philadelphia : Presbyterian Board of Publication, No. 1334 Chestnut Street; and N. T. Wilson, London, Ont.

This is one of the most valuable recent additions to the literature of missions. Upwards of a score of missionaries contribute their quota of information upon an extremely interesting yet little known theme. Graphic sketches of Siam and Siamese life, with its strange manners and customs; of Laos and its people; and of the progress of Christian missions in those dark lands are given. The following is the striking testimony of the King of Siam on a recent occasion: "The American missionaries have lived in Siam a long time; they have been noble men and women, and have put their hearts into teaching the people, young and old, that which is good, and also various arts beneficial to my kingdom and people. Long may they live, and never may they leave us!" The book is printed and illustrated in the first class style of the house which issues it. It is admirably adapted for mission circles and church and home libraries.

Catskill Mountain Guide, with Bird's-eye View, Maps and Choice Illustration. By WALTON VAN LOAN, Catskill, N. Y. Price 40 cents.

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A Critical Analysis of Drummond's Natural Law in the Spiritual World. By E. C. LARNED. Chicago : Jansen McClurg & Co.

In our review of Drummond's remarkable book we took occasion to say that many of his ingenious analogies, like many of Herbert Spencer's, were mere analogies and nothing more, and could not be regarded as demonstrations, as claimed by the author. The Critical Analysis before us gives ample proof of the correctness of that view. It shows that some of the alleged analogies between the natural and spiritual world are pushed far beyond their legitimate length and prove decidedly misleading. They reduce the philosophy of the spiritual life to a mechanical necessity "as arbitrary and inexorable as the decrees of fate," leaving no space for the operation of the free will of man. This Analysis is a masterly criticism of one of the most remarkable and popular books of recent times.

Dogma and Duty. By the REV. JAMES AWDE, B.A.; and *Christ's Divine Mission.* By the REV. S. J. HUNTER. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. 70. Price 20 cents.

Mr. Awde's lecture before the Theological Union of Victoria University is a vigorous and able treatise upon the important subject of the bearing of theology on morality. His refutation of materialistic, hedonistic, and secular theories is a brilliant performance — severely logical in thought and eloquent in diction. The Rev. S. J. Hunter's sermon, it is high praise to say, is a worthy companion piece to the lecture with which it is associated.

Witnesses for Christ. A Sketch of the History of Preaching. By FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, B.D. Toronto : Wm. Briggs. Pp. 155. Price 35 cents.

This is an admirable series of lectures, delivered under the auspices of the Theological Union of Victoria University. The accomplished author traces the origin and growth of preaching, and sketches with graphic pen the chief characteristics of the great preachers of Christendom from the earliest ages to the present time. The book is enriched with copious citations and illustrative anecdotes, and is very racy reading. The Theological Union is to be congratulated on these valuable additions to theological literature.

Consecrated Culture. Memorials of Benjamin Alfred Gregory, M.A. By BENJAMIN GREGORY, D.D. London: T. Woolmer, Conference Office. Pp. 416, with portrait.

This is a beautiful record of a beautiful life. The Rev. Dr. Gregory, the accomplished editor of the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, pays a tender tribute to the memory of a son of rare culture and promise, cut off in the very beginning of a ministry of much usefulness. Young Gregory was a bright and studious boy, and at the age of 15 passed with distinguished merit the Oxford Local Examinations. He was early and soundly converted, and in his eighteenth year entered Brasenose College, Oxford. His college life was a brilliant success, many prizes and other distinctions falling to his lot. Rejecting many inducements to enter the Established Church, he devoted himself with consecrated zeal to the ministry of the Church of his father, and laboured with much success, chiefly in Cornwall. He died of diphtheria, in the midst of an old-fashioned Cornish revival, at the early age of twenty-seven.

It is with a feeling of sadness and regret that we think of that beautitul young life, with its rich and rare endowments of scholarship, culture and grace, thus cut off untimely. Had he lived he would have added literary lustre to the family name and to Methodism. He had the true literary instinct, had in view striking literary projects, and had accomplished much and varied valuable literary work. But being dead he yet speaketh. This book is a precious legacy to Methodism, and will be, we trust, an inspiration to many a Methodist youth to a similar life of consecration to the Master's service. Dr. Gregory lets his lamented son, for the most part, speak for himself, in extracts from letters, journals and other written or published remains. Through these, and the thoughtful-looking portrait, we see the spiritual beauty of his life and character.

Delivered from Afar; or, Hopes Realized in Dakota. By RALF ROBERTS. Cloth, 12mo, 428 pp., price $1.50. New York : Phillips & Hunt. Toronto : Wm. Briggs.

This is a capital story of life on the prairies of "the Land of the Dakotas." It describes a family of settlers, who exchange life in a city for a home in the Far West. The description is vivid and the author assures us it is largely a story of fact, and is designed to show how refined, religious people may overcome the difficulties of frontier life, and serve God and their fellow-men. Its descriptions of the country and all that pertains to it may be considered correct.

At the Sign of the Blue Boar. A Story of the reign of Charles II. By EMMA LESLIE. Cloth, 12mo, 313 pp., price $1. New York : Phillips & Hunt. Toronto : Wm. Briggs.

This is an admirable historical tale of the period of the Restoration. Among the characters who appear in its pages are Charles II. himself; Richard Baxter, far more kingly than his sovereign ; Secretary Pepys, the famous diarist of the time ; the bluff old Admiral Penn, and his Quaker son, William Penn; Sir Harry Vane, the story of whose death on the scaffold is told ; and other names prominent in the annals of those days.

The Errors of Evolution. By ROBERT PATTERSON. Boston: H. L. Hastings. Pp. 271.

This book is an examination of the nebular theory, geological evolution, the origin of life, and Darwinism. It is a racy and readable volume. The author has the courage of his convictions, and does not hesitate to express in vigorous language his dissent from much that is currently accepted. He marshals with much skill the objections to Darwinism, and with many of his conclusions we cordially agree. The attack on the nebular theory and geological evolution, we consider less successful. Of course these are only hypotheses. So also the theory of gravitation is only a hypothesis. But the hypothesis which explains the greatest number of facts must hold its place till a better hypothesis is substituted.

Religion without God and God without Religion. By WILLIAM ARTHUR I. Positivism and Mr. Frederic Harrison. London: Wesleyan Methodist Book-Room. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 2s. sterling.

This is the first volume of a trilogy discussing the theories of positivism, agnosticism, and deism, as represented by Frederic Harrison, Herbert Spencer, and Sir Fitzjames Stephen. In the present volume Mr. Arthur treats in a masterly manner the polity and philosophy of Comte, and the so-called Religion of Humanity. On the book as a whole, when completed, we shall have more to say.

The Russian Revolt: Its Causes, Conditions and Prospects. By EDMUND NOBLE. Pp. 269. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.

Russia is the standing menace of Europe. A study of its people, institutions and condition will therefore be of exceeding interest; for of no European country is so little known. The author of this latest book on the subject traces the modifications of the primitive peoples of this vast empire through the influence of Greek Christianity and Western civilization It is a painful picture that is presented of the scarcely attempered barbarism of the nation from prince to peasant. Even the brilliant court-life is only a thin veneer of civilization masking a despotism. The recently abolished serfhood crushed out all intellectual aspirations, and in its cruel oppression of woman poisoned the very springs of moral advancement. In this volume are well described the mysticism and painful pessimism of Russian character; the tyrannical, censorship of books, papers, clubs, and social life; and the revolt of the Nihilists, who really embrace many of the noblest and most patriotic spirits of the race, goaded to madness by oppression. While not so exhaustive of the subject as Wallace's great book on Russia, this volume gives a vivid picture of the struggle between a military despotism and the aspirations of the people for civil and religious liberty.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We are glad to see that that veteran Canadian *litterateur*, G. Mercer Adam, Esq., has prepared a timely volume on the Canadian North-West: its history and its troubles, from the early days of the fur-trade to the era of the railway and the settler; with incidents of travel in the region, and the narrative of three insurrections. From Mr. Adam's well-known literary ability, this book may be depended on as a faithful account of the stirring events connected with the settlement of the New Canada of the North-West. It is issued by Rose Publishing Company. Price $1.50.

The Rev. Dr. Sutherland contributes to the July number of the *Methodist Review* (Phillips & Hunt, New York) an admirable article on "The Final Outcome of Sin," which we hope to reproduce in these pages. The editorial department of this Review is of especial value.

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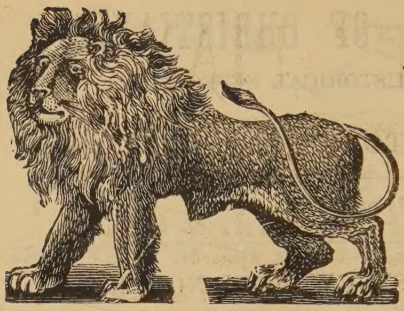

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